HONCHO™

FOR MATURE READERS OVER THE AGE OF 18

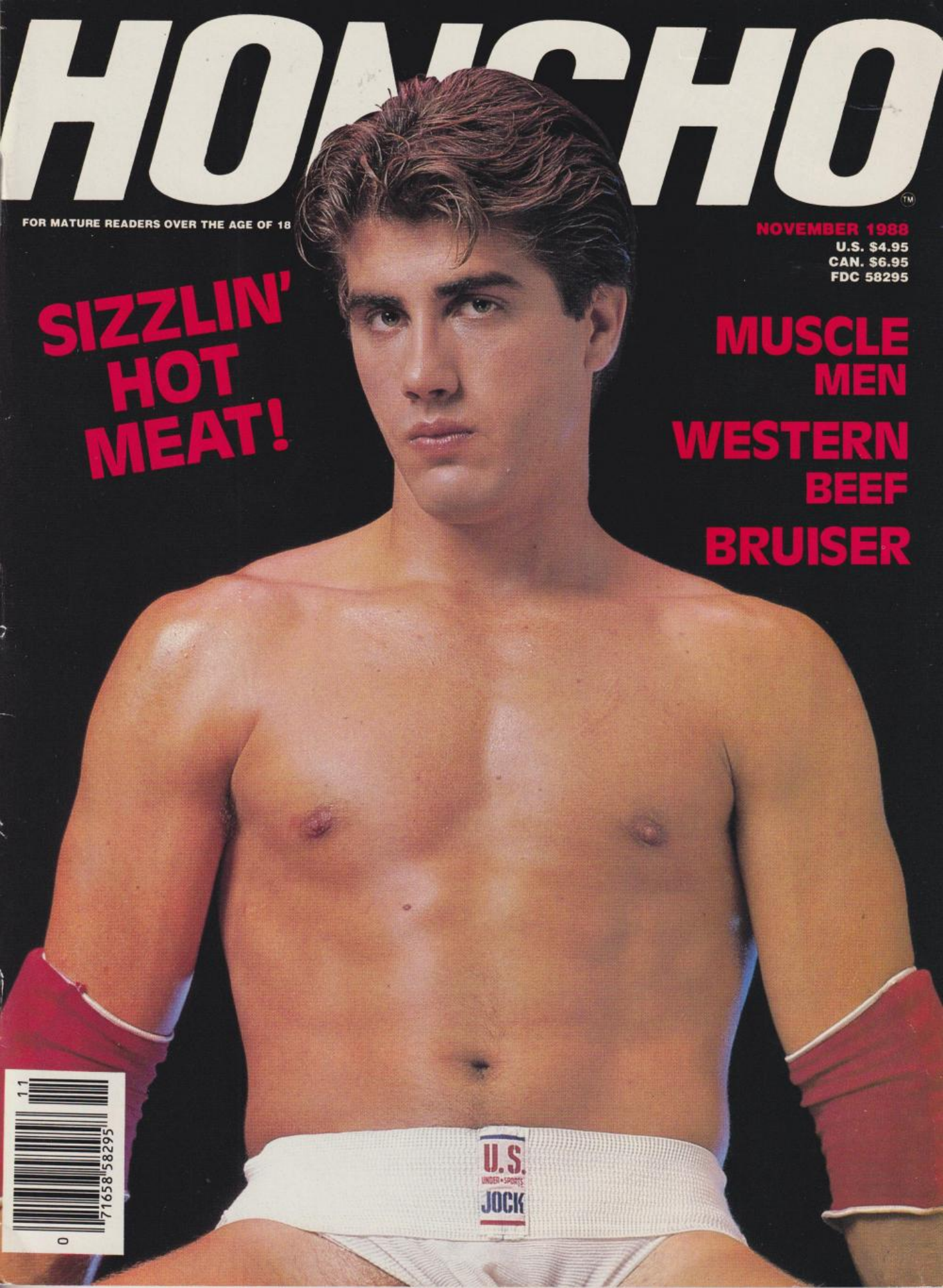
NOVEMBER 1988
U.S. $4.95
CAN. $6.95
FDC 58295

SIZZLIN' HOT MEAT!

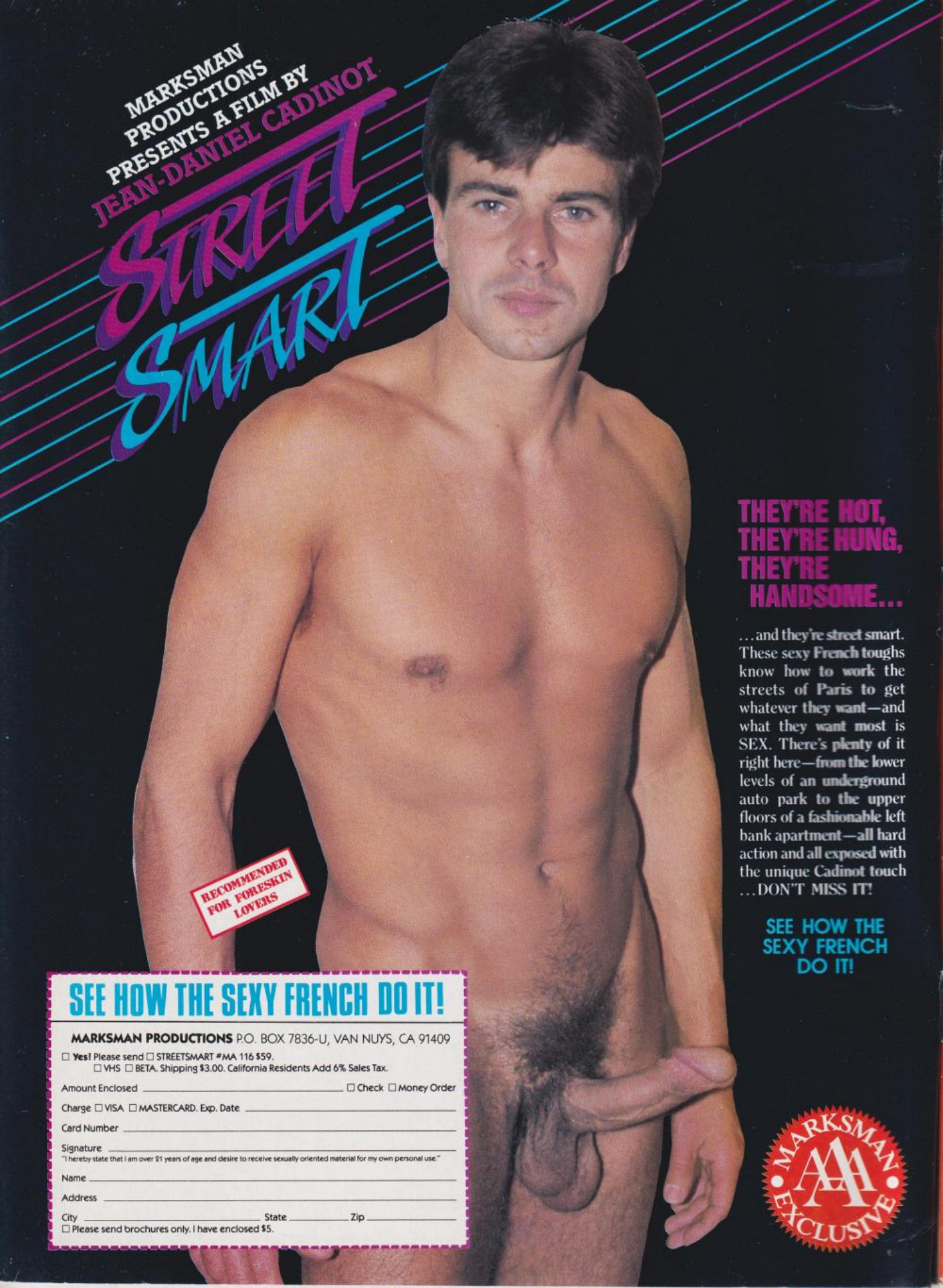
MUSCLE MEN

WESTERN BEEF

BRUISER



0 71658 58295 11



THEY'RE HOT, THEY'RE HUNG, THEY'RE HANDSOME...

...and they're street smart. These sexy French toughs know how to work the streets of Paris to get whatever they want—and what they want most is SEX. There's plenty of it right here—from the lower levels of an underground auto park to the upper floors of a fashionable left bank apartment—all hard action and all exposed with the unique Cadinot touch ...DON'T MISS IT!

SEE HOW THE SEXY FRENCH DO IT!

SEE HOW THE SEXY FRENCH DO IT!

MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS P.O. BOX 7836-U, VAN NUYS, CA 91409

☐ **Yes!** Please send ☐ STREETSMART #MA 116 $59.
☐ VHS ☐ BETA. Shipping $3.00. California Residents Add 6% Sales Tax.

Amount Enclosed _____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Charge ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD. Exp. Date _____

Card Number _____

Signature _____
"I hereby state that I am over 21 years of age and desire to receive sexually oriented material for my own personal use."

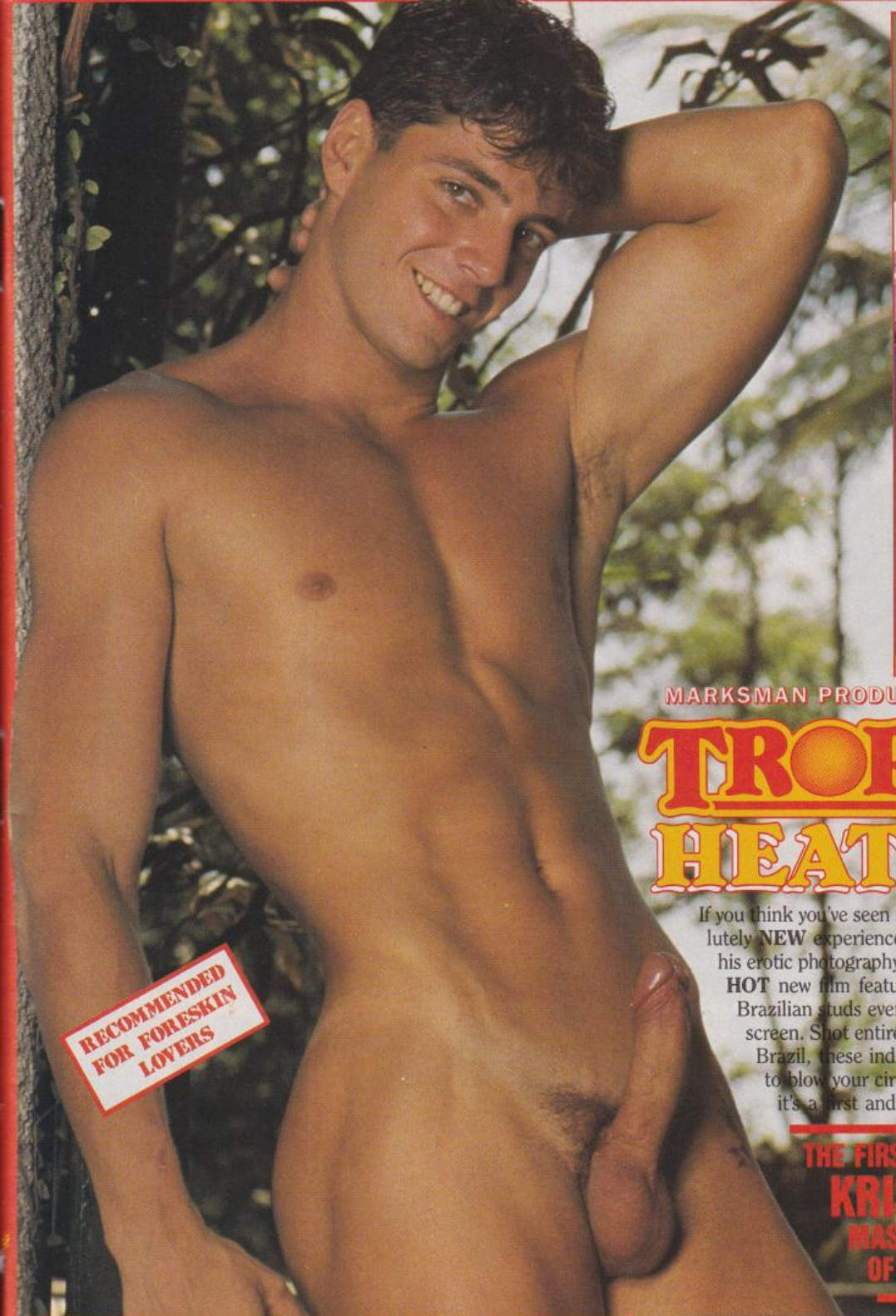
Name _____

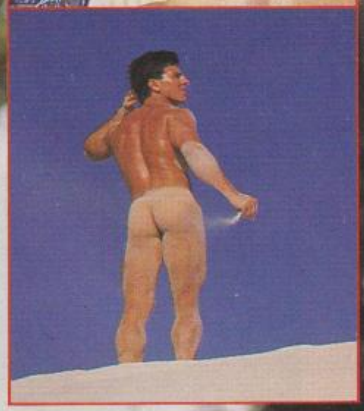
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send brochures only. I have enclosed $5.

MARKSMAN AAA EXCLUSIVE





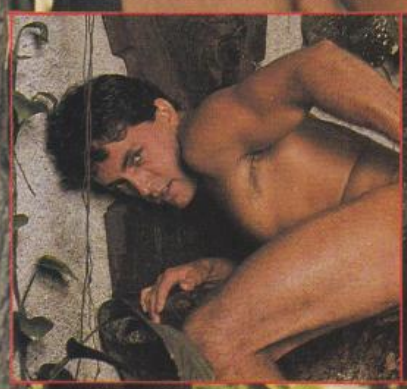
MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

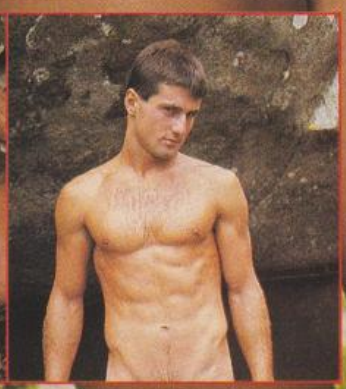
TROPICAL HEATWAVE

If you think you've seen it all…get ready for an absolutely **NEW** experience! Kristen Bjorn, famous for his erotic photography, has created an unbelievably **HOT** new film featuring 6 of the sexiest young Brazilian studs ever to splash across your video screen. Shot entirely in the steaming tropics of Brazil, these individual solos are guaranteed to blow your circuits. Don't miss this one… it's a first and it's FABULOUS!

RECOMMENDED FOR FORESKIN LOVERS

THE FIRST VIDEO RELEASE BY
KRISTEN BJORN
MASTER PHOTOGRAPHER OF EROTIC MALE IMAGES





MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS P.O. BOX 7836-V, VAN NUYS, CA 91409

☐ **Yes!** Please send ☐ TROPICAL HEATWAVE #VC 414 $59.
☐ VHS ☐ BETA. Shipping $3.00. California Residents Add 6% Sales Tax.

Amount Enclosed _____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Charge ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD. Exp. Date _____

Card Number _____

Signature _____
"I hereby state that I am over 21 years of age and desire to receive sexually oriented material for my own personal use."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send brochures only. I have enclosed $5.

GUYS NATIONWIDE
1-800-888-GUYS
4 8 9 7

Nationwide Conferences:
- Dudes coast-to-coast.
- Studs who play heavy.
- Straight and Bi-Guys.

One-on-One Buddy Talk.

National Message Exchange.

NATIONWIDE · VISUAL TELEPHONE NETWORK · 1-800-888 GUYS 4 8 9 7

95¢ per minute for as long as you can go.

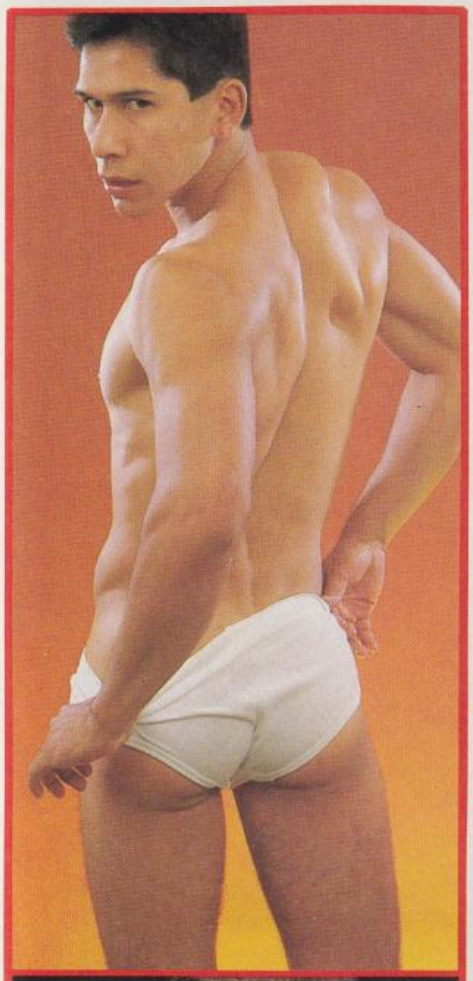
VISA MasterCard

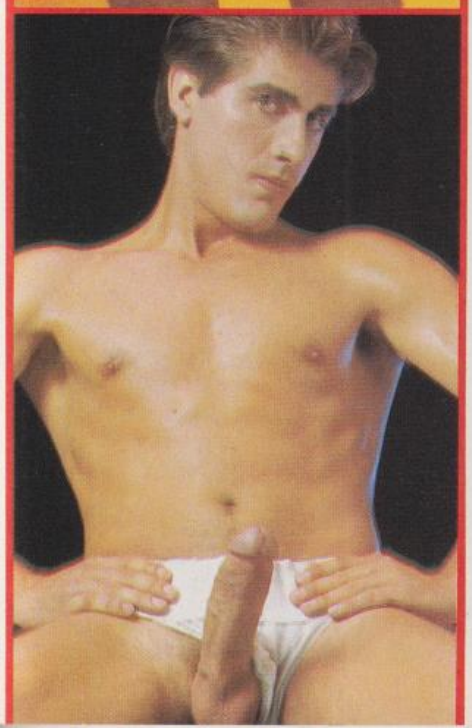
Compatible with VisiTel™– Where you *see* the guy you're hearing.

Charges will appear on your credit card statement as "System 800 International #2"

HONCHO

HONCHO NOVEMBER 1988
VOLUME 11 NUMBER 11





CONTENTS

COVER PHOTO BY CATALINA

4 FICTION: DIRTY DOIN'S AT THE DINER
10 FICTION: HEADED WEST
13 NUDE: THE RUSTLE OF HUSTLE
23 FICTION: PILE DRIVER
29 NUDE: SAMURAI SEX MASTER
37 FICTION: GREEK TREASURES
41 NUDE: BRUISER
52 FICTION: ANYTHING FOR MUSCLES
61 NUDE: HOME GROWN
67 FICTION: MASSAGE COLUMNS
77 NUDE: HAND JIVE
89 NUDE: BIG DADDY

STAFF

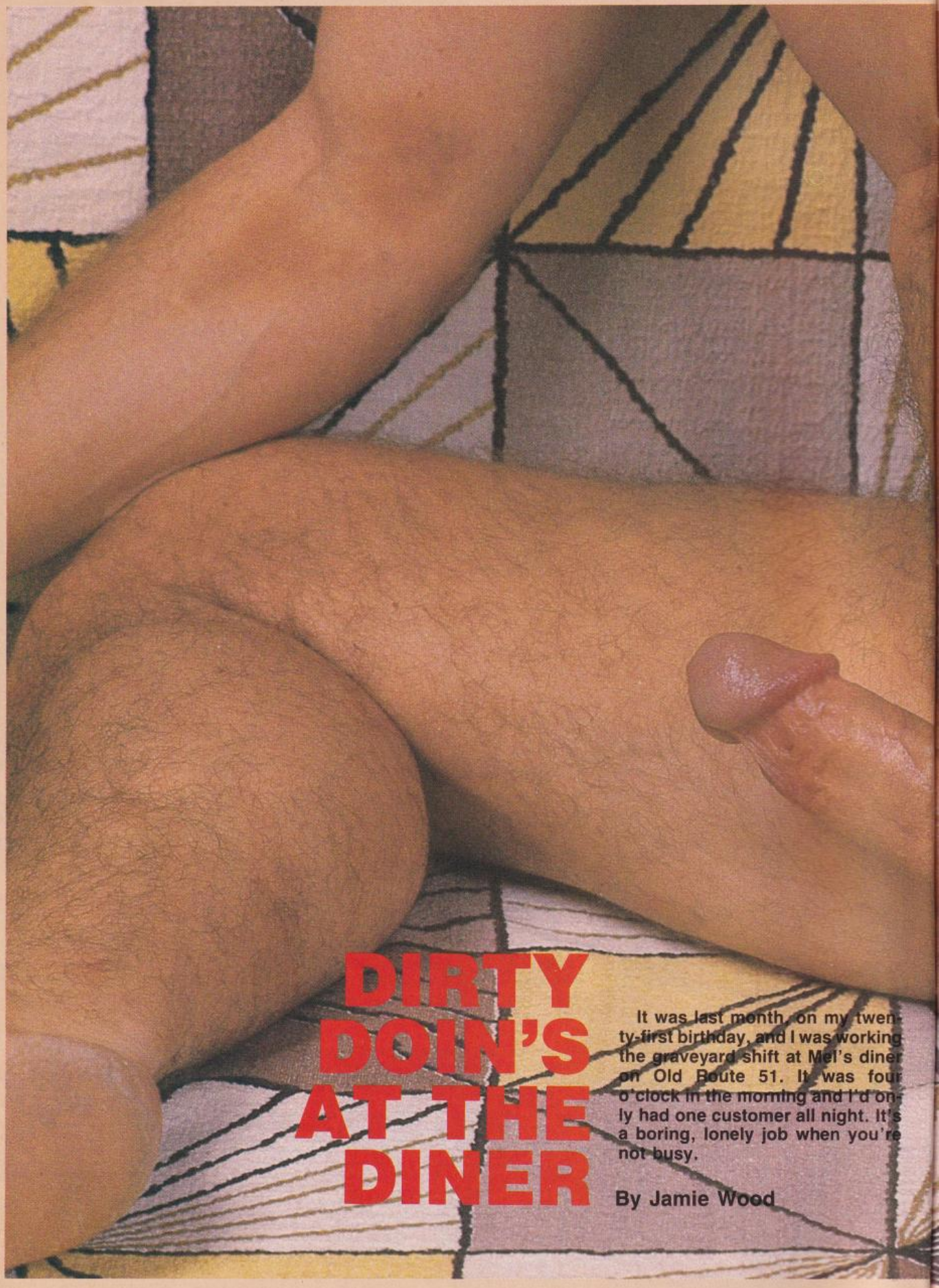
PUBLISHER / D. CONIGLIO

EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT / JOE GRECO
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF / STAN LEVENTHAL
EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR / D. CONIGLIO
ASSOCIATE EDITORS, / ROBERT SMITH, MICHAEL E. O'CONNOR, BILL BOTTIGGI

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR/ALLEN K. STONE
NEW YORK OFFICES: (212) 966-8400

The fiction in HONCHO is presented for your entertainment. It is in no way meant to encourage unsafe forms of sexual behavior. We urge you to familiarize yourself with the guidelines for safe sex and practice them with your partner. If you have questions about safe sex, contact your local gay men's health group or your physician.

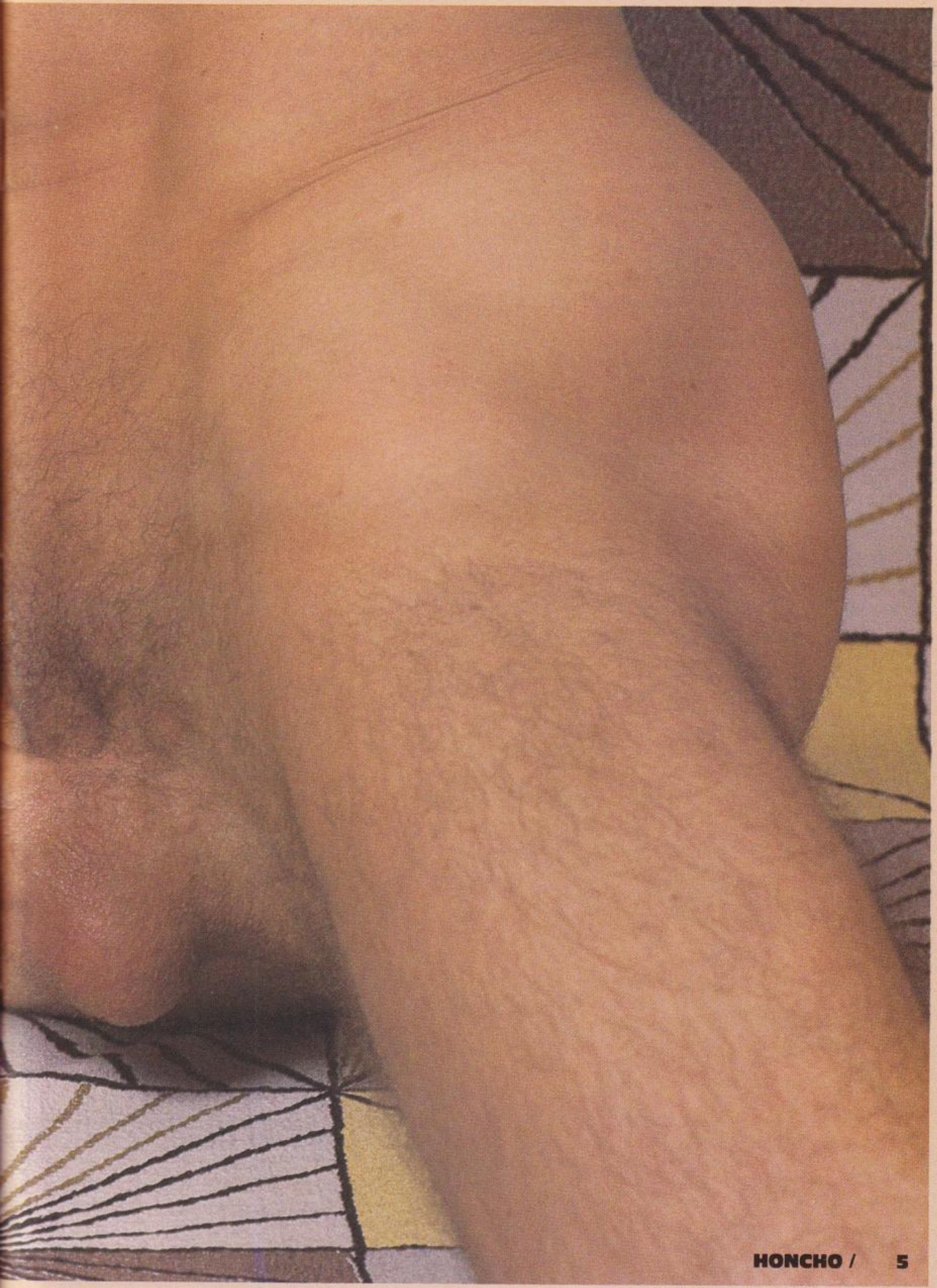
HONCHO MAGAZINE (ISSN 0733-5865). November 1988, Volume 11, Number 11. **Copyright ©1988 by Modernismo Publications, Ltd. All rights reserved.** **Published monthly by Modernismo Publications, Ltd., 462 Broadway, 4th Floor, New York, New York 10013. Printed in the U.S.A. Distributed worldwide by the Flynt Distributing Company, 9171 Wilshire Blvd, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, Ca. 90210. Editorial offices: 462 Broadway, 4th Floor, New York, New York 10013. (212) 966-8400. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited manuscripts. All rights in letters sent to HONCHO will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to HONCHO's right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between the people and places in the fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. All photos posed for by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos, nor words used to describe them, are meant to depict the actual conduct or personalities of the models. Nothing appearing in HONCHO Magazine may be reprinted either wholly or in part without written permission. Modernisimo Publications, Ltd. assumes no responsibility for the advertisements, nor any representations made therein, nor the quality or deliverability of the products themselves. Subscriptions: U.S., Possessions, APO and FPO—$49.95 for one year. Canada and Foreign—$59.95 for one year. Canadian and Foreign subscriptions should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds. Single Copies—$4.95 (add $1.05 for postage and handling). Send subscription correspondence to HONCHO Subscription Department, 462 Broadway, 4th Floor, New York, New York 10013. Notify subscription department of change of address at least 6 weeks in advance. Please include new address and mailing label from most recent issue. HONCHO is the registered trademark of Modernismo Publications, Ltd. (Note: Subscriber lists are never rented or sold.)**



DIRTY DOIN'S AT THE DINER

It was last month, on my twenty-first birthday, and I was working the graveyard shift at Mel's diner on Old Route 51. It was four o'clock in the morning and I'd only had one customer all night. It's a boring, lonely job when you're not busy.

By Jamie Wood



Suddenly, I heard the sound of a rig's brakes in the parking lot. When the door opened, in walked a big muscular guy with jet-black curly hair and a friendly smile. He slowly sauntered to a booth directly opposite where I was standing and sat down.

While he studied Mel's skimpy menu, I studied him. He wore cut-off jeans and a pale blue tank top that showed off a golden tan. His huge muscular arms glistened with droplets of sweat as he flipped the pages of the menu; it was obvious he was a weight-lifter. After a few minutes, I realized he'd turned sideways in the booth and was leaning against the windows and resting one muscular, hairy leg on the rest of the seat, and was staring at me.

I felt uncomfortable and I could feel myself blushing hotly as I quickly lowered my eyes. I clumsily gathered a placemat, silverware, napkins, and a glass of water as I hurried to the booth to take his order. As I stood there with my order pad and pencil I could see an unbelievably huge bulge in his crotch, and I felt an uncomfortable stirring in my pants.

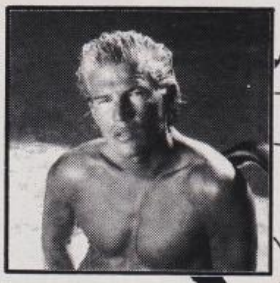
"Hey there, Bones."

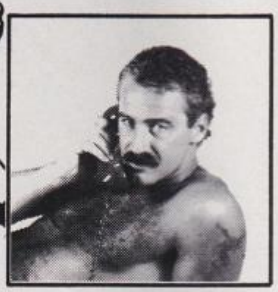
Now I know I'm skinny, but I'm good-looking (in a rough sort of way) too, but I guess "Bones" pretty much describes six-foot-two, hundred-and-thirty-five pounds.

"Yessir, can I help you?" I casually replied, as I stared at him. He was about 30 years old, six foot-four and two hundred and ten pounds of rippling muscles, no fat at all. Masses of curly black hair showed over the top of his V-neck tank top. What a hunk!

"What do you suggest, Bones?" he said in a sexy, low voice, putting emphasis on the word "you," as he blatantly gave his big bulge a squeeze.

MEN ACROSS AMERICA 1·800·888·MALE





Phone From Anywhere in the U.S.

- **One on One Connections**
- **8 Man Conference Line**
- **Regional Message Center**

1·800·888·MALE 6253

Only 95¢ per minute, billed to your Visa or MasterCard as "System 800 International". For men over 18 only.

"Uh, the swiss steak's pretty good and it's, uh, fresh made today," I told him hoarsely.

"Okay, Bones, let's have the swiss steak, but what's the main course gonna be," he asked in an even huskier, sexier voice.

I knew what he meant, and even though I sure was turned on, I knew I couldn't leave the diner unattended, and I came right out and told him so.

"Oh, shut the place down for awhile," he replied. "If the lights are out, who's gonna stop. How about it, Bones?"

"I can't shut the place down; I'll lose my job," was my weak reply. One more glance at that basket of his and I knew I'd never be able to resist.

He slowly pulled himself out of the booth. The bulge in his crotch was even bigger if that's possible. He unsnapped his shorts and the zipper slowly opened on its own, releasing the biggest, fattest, semi-hard cock, I'd *ever* seen. I heard a loud gasp, and I knew it was me. It was a long, fat cock, and it wasn't even fully erect yet.

"Shut it down, Bones," he said softly.

"Uh," I barely whispered as my voice caught in my throat. "Okay, yeah, sure."

Smiling broadly, he slowly walked to the john not even bothering to zip up his shorts. I couldn't take my eyes off of him. As he walked he let his shorts slide down and he just stepped out of them as if he were in a locker room. Pure sex. He walked buck-ass naked into the restroom.

I very shakily hurried to shut down the diner, afraid another customer would pick now (of all times) to come in. I locked both doors, closed the venetian blinds part way, put on the night lights, turned the main lights out and put the steam table on low. It seemed to take forever. I almost broke my neck getting to the mens room.

I shut the door and locked it, just to be safe. When I looked up, there he was smiling at me, leaning against the cold white tile wall. His beautiful cock was fully hard now, and I gulped in anticipation of what was to come as I stared at his wonderful twelve-inch dick. I'd seen big dicks before (although never one *this* big), and most of them were newsworthy in length or width, but they all seemed to sag under the extreme weight and length. Not this one! It stood out straight, like it had been starched. His balls hung like fleshy Christmas ornaments below it.

He had removed his tank top and his shoes and had neatly draped them over one of the sinks. He stood there totally nude, like a Greek god. No words were needed to tell me what I should do next.

I stumbled as I walked to him. Dropping to my knees I could feel the cool tile floor under me. My mouth opened, but I found it very hard to get even his dickhead inside. Placing his huge hands on the back of my head, he ran his fingers through my curly locks, gently rocking my face back and forth on his huge fucker. Slowly, very slowly, more and more of his delicious, huge cock disappeared into me. My mouth felt like it was going to rip apart, but soon I actually had half of him in me. He sensed that was as far as I could go and seemed satisfied.

My mouth opened, but I found it very hard to get even his dickhead inside. Placing his huge hands on the back of my head, he ran his fingers through my curly locks, gently rocking my face back and forth on his huge fucker. My mouth felt like it was going to rip apart, but soon I actually had half of him in me.

"Eat this big fucker, you little Cocksucker," he commanded.

As I continued, his huge hands grabbed the back of my shirt. In one savage motion he ripped it off of me and tossed in into the trash can in the corner. I tried to speak, but that's hard to do with six-inches of hot, throbbing, *sweet* cock in your mouth. He understood though, because he stopped moving while I removed my pants. I kept sucking on his gorgeous prick without breaking the rhythm. "Go, Man, go. Christ you give good head!" he uttered.

I felt proud to be "Man" now, not "Cocksucker."

His hips pumped harder and faster and his chest was heaving uncontrollably. I knew the signs and I steadied myself for the inevitable eruption.

"Let's see how much of my cum you can handle, little Cocksucker," he said.

I was little Cocksucker again, oh well, I'd have to try harder.

I'd love to tell you that I'd been able to handle all or most of it. No such luck. When he came, he came with the force of a machine gun, and I wasn't prepared for that. His cum exploded and before I knew it, it was running out the sides of my mouth and down my chin. You wouldn't have known his dick was in my mouth. He was laughing; it sure was funny to him. He knew the force of his orgasms and knew that would happen, and he was enjoying every moment of it.

Pulling his still rock-hard rod from my mouth, out spilled the cum I hadn't been able to swallow. I knew I had downed a large load, but you'd never have known it. It would have taken two normal loads to produce just what covered my face and chest, not counting what I had been able to handle.

I erroneously assumed our session was done. As I began to stand up, he snapped, "Where the fuck do you think you're going?"

"Aren't we done?" I stammered, my eyes bulging wide.

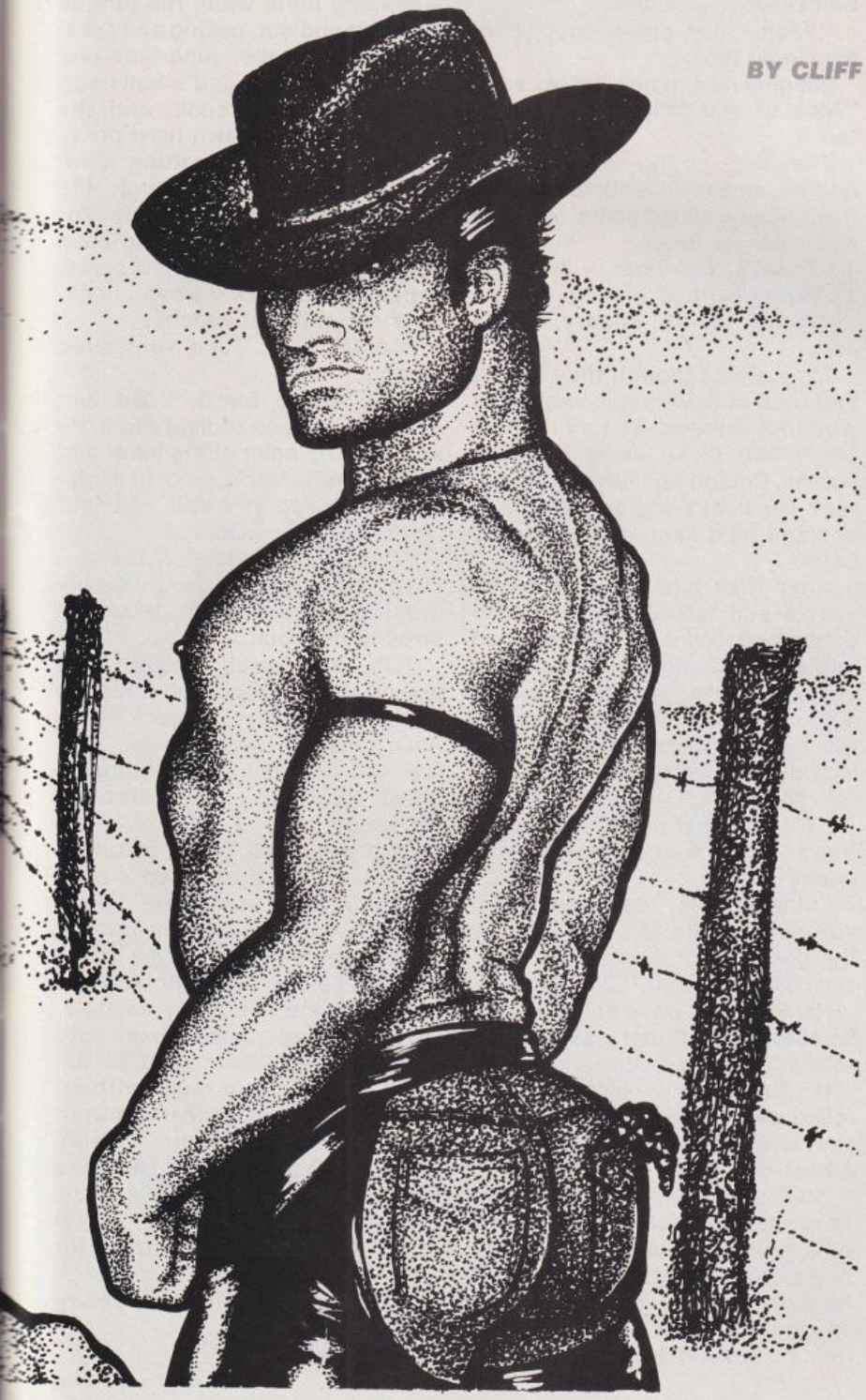
CONTINUED TO PAGE 87

ALEXANDER·86

HANK KNEW THAT A CATTLE DRIVE ACROSS THE DESERT WAS HARD ON STEERS, AS WELL AS MEN . . .

HEADED WEST

BY CLIFF WESTON • ART BY ALEXANDER



The herd plodded west. The trail boss, Hank Benson, and the six Mexican vaqueros he hired near Phoenix moved the cattle slowly. The entire drive from the Mason Ranch, twelve miles east of Phoenix, had been slow. Hank knew that a cattle drive across the desert was hard on steers, as well as men.

Hank deserved the trust Mr. Mason put in him. He had driven cattle several times over this route to southern California. The cattle always arrived at the Baker Ranch, Mr. Mason's land in San Diego County, in good condition, considering the long, harsh distance.

Mr. Mason had been shipping cattle west by rail. Early in 1886, the railroad raised freight rates. Rivalry for land was at the heart of the problem. Mr. Mason decided to bring back the cattle drive, and the railroads be damned!

Hank was glad. The outdoors. The dust of the drive. The bawling beefs. Even the grub that Pappy Sanders managed to slap together. Long trip. Thirst constant. Still, Hank was glad.

For a month, traveling conditions were good. Water was available. Food supplies held up. The cattle grazed. Hank wouldn't push them now. Crossing the California desert would be better this way.

Yuma was ahead. They could get supplies for the chuckwagon, including water. Hank sent Juan, one of the vaqueros, ahead to scout the Colorado River for a crossing point. The width and depth of the river varied depending on the season and the rainfall. Juan would rejoin the herd when they

Hank couldn't believe what he saw. Jim was naked and on all fours. Jed was bent over behind him, his face buried in Jim's ass. Hank watched from behind a bush.

camped outside Yuma in three days.

Pappy had a special way with beans. He could cook them six ways of Sunday. Hank's taste for beans grew. He never liked them until he teamed up with Pappy.

They sat around the campfire. The clanking of spoons against the bottom of their metal dishes signaled Pappy to pour coffee. The men enjoyed their evening coffee.

Hoofbeats! Hank sat up and stared out into the blank darkness. Could Juan be returning already? Then Hank realized there was more than one horse. The cattle shifted. A hot stick of mesquite popped in the fire sending a spray of sparks skyward.

"Howdy," a voice called from the darkness.

It's not Juan, Hank realized.

"Hello! Who's there?" he called.

The pace of the horses slowed and stopped. Two young men walked out of the shadows leading a saddle horse. Each was trailed by a second horse.

"Name's Jim Archer," the taller one of the two said.

"And I'm Jed Patton." They held out their hands.

"I'm Hank Benson, and this here's Pappy Sanders. What can we do fer you fellas?"

"We heard in town that you were headed this way," Jed said. "We're interested in working our way west with you. It's a hell'uva lot easier crossing the desert with company."

"Well, I reckon we can always use a couple extra hands. You bet. Join us, and welcome." Hank knew that the toughest part of the drive lay just ahead. Two men with extra horses might come in handy

"How is it you're trailin' extra horses?" Hank asked.

"Oh, Jed's Uncle Burt gave us these two to take to Jed's daddy in San Diego," Jim said.

"Yeah," Jed piped up, "yeah, my Uncle Burt."

"Mighty nice of him," Hank said. "Nice of you fellas to help out, too."

The two young men looked hungry, and while Hank talked with them, Pappy ladled plates of beans and stew for them.

"Thanks, old-timer," Jim said, as Pappy handed him his grub.

"We're plenty hungry," said Jed.

They ate as though they hadn't had food in days. Hank wondered why they were so hungry if Jed's uncle had given away two fine horses. Couldn't he have fed them, too? He didn't say anything. He decided he'd keep an eye on the boys.

After they had eaten, smoked awhile and talked, they decided they'd better turn in. Hank planned to leave in the morning. Two of the vaqueros had already fallen asleep while three others rode herd during the early night hours. Later they would sleep while the other two relieved them.

"We'll spread our bedrolls over there," Jim said, pointing to a bushy area.

"Fine with me," said Hank, "But you're welcome to sleep here by the fire."

"That's all right," Jed said.

Hank settled back and watched flames. He lit another cigarette and relaxed. Pappy snored.

He finished his cigarette and rolled over on his side. The black sky was salted with stars. He drifted off.

Suddenly, he was awake. He never slept soundly while he was on a trail drive. His instincts alerted him to unusual sounds. They were human voices. Someone was whispering. Hank reached for his gun. He strained to see through the blackness. The sounds were coming from the direction where the two new men were sleeping. Hank stood and quietly moved in their direction.

Hank couldn't believe what he saw. Jim was naked and on all fours. Jed was bent over behind him, his face buried in Jim's ass. Hank watched from behind a bush.

Jed groaned softly as Jim grasped his firm, white buttocks, spreading them wide. His tongue darted in and out, poking and prodding, while at the same time one hand played with Jed's balls and stroked his hard cock, and the other worked his own hard prick.

Hank felt himself getting hard, too. He rubbed it through the heavy fabric of his pants for awhile. Then he put his gun back in its holster and opened his pants, exposing his thick, swollen cock. He stroked it and watched.

"Shove it in," Jim whispered loudly.

"You asked for it." Jed half stood, his legs straddling Jim's. He spit into the palm of his hand and moistened his cock. He bent slightly and guided his stiff rod into Jim's waiting asshole.

"Ow! Oooo...yeah,...there... yeah,...yeah!" Jim began slowly moving to Jed's thrusts. He stroked his cock.

"Oh, shit, yeah, yeah!" Jim leaned back from his kneeling position, pressing the back of his head against Jed's chest. Jed reached around Jim, caressing his chest. He ran his fingers through his sandy hair.

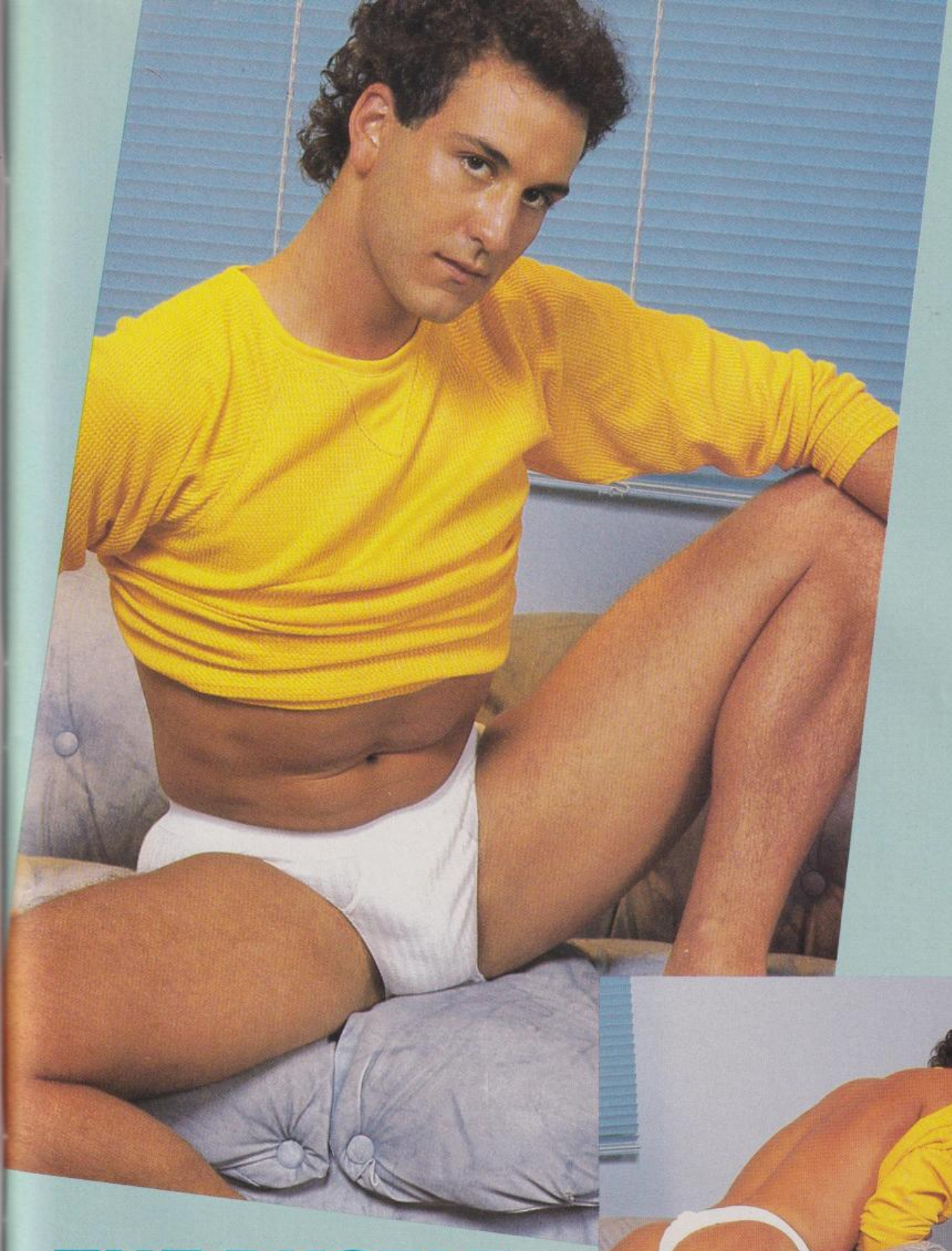
"Le' me stand." Jim stood up and bent over again. Jed's cock shone in the moonlight. Hank thought to himself that he had never seen a hardened cock arched at such a high angle. Might feel real good in his own asshole.

Jed pushed himself back into Jim's butt while he bent at the waist. He began to move with increased abandon. Both men forgot themselves as their bodies pleasured each other. The blue whiteness of the moon's glow dropped across them as if spotlighting nature's urge for union.

"Oh, Jed, it's comin', it's comin'!"

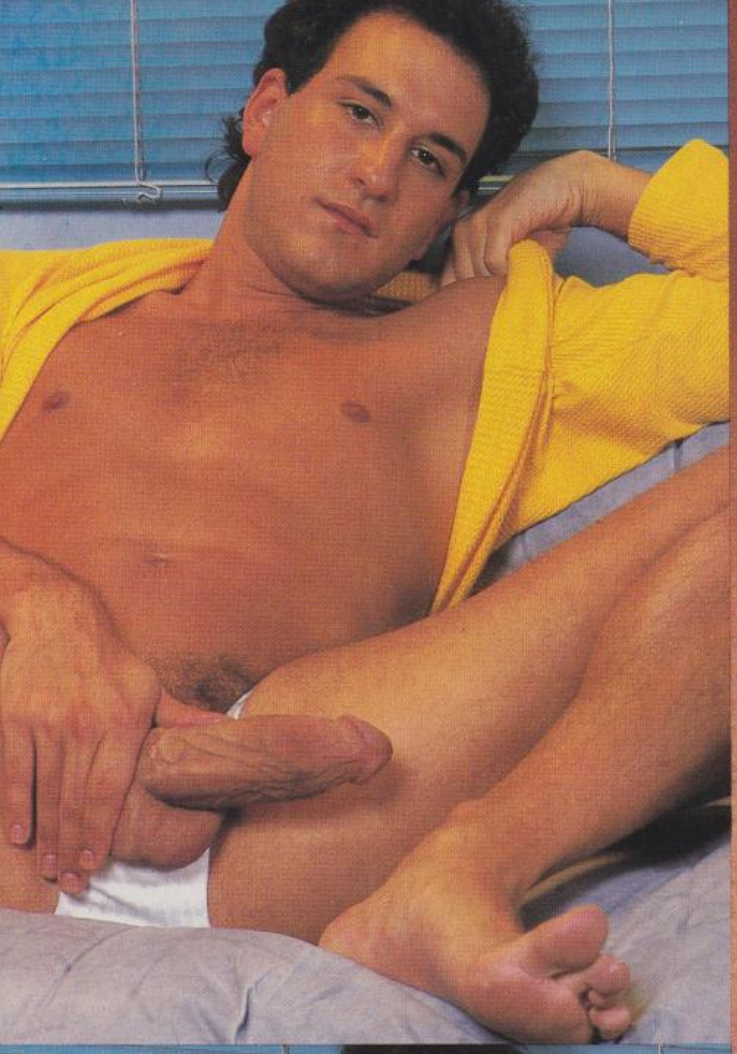
"Me, too!"

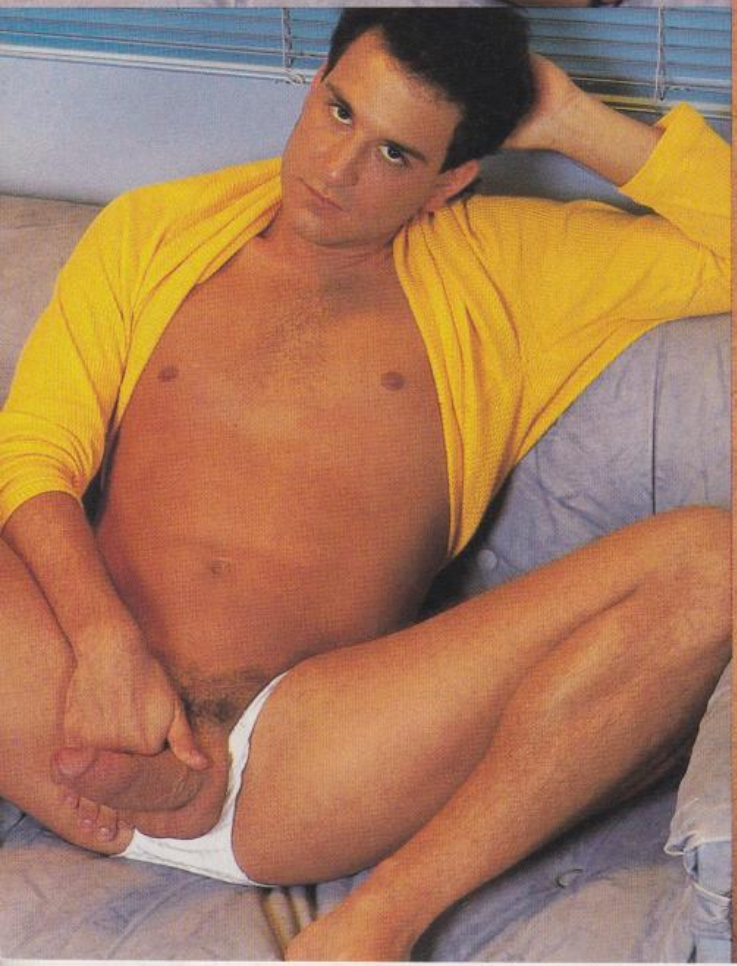
CONTINUED TO PAGE 20

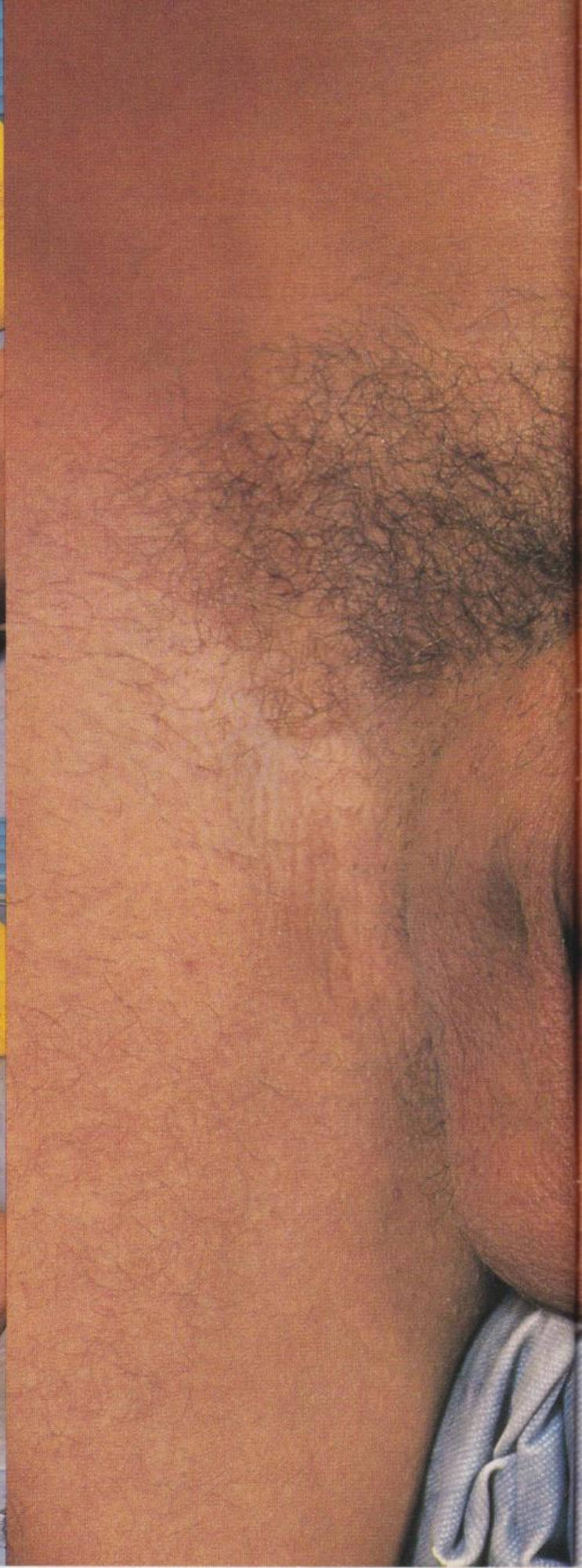


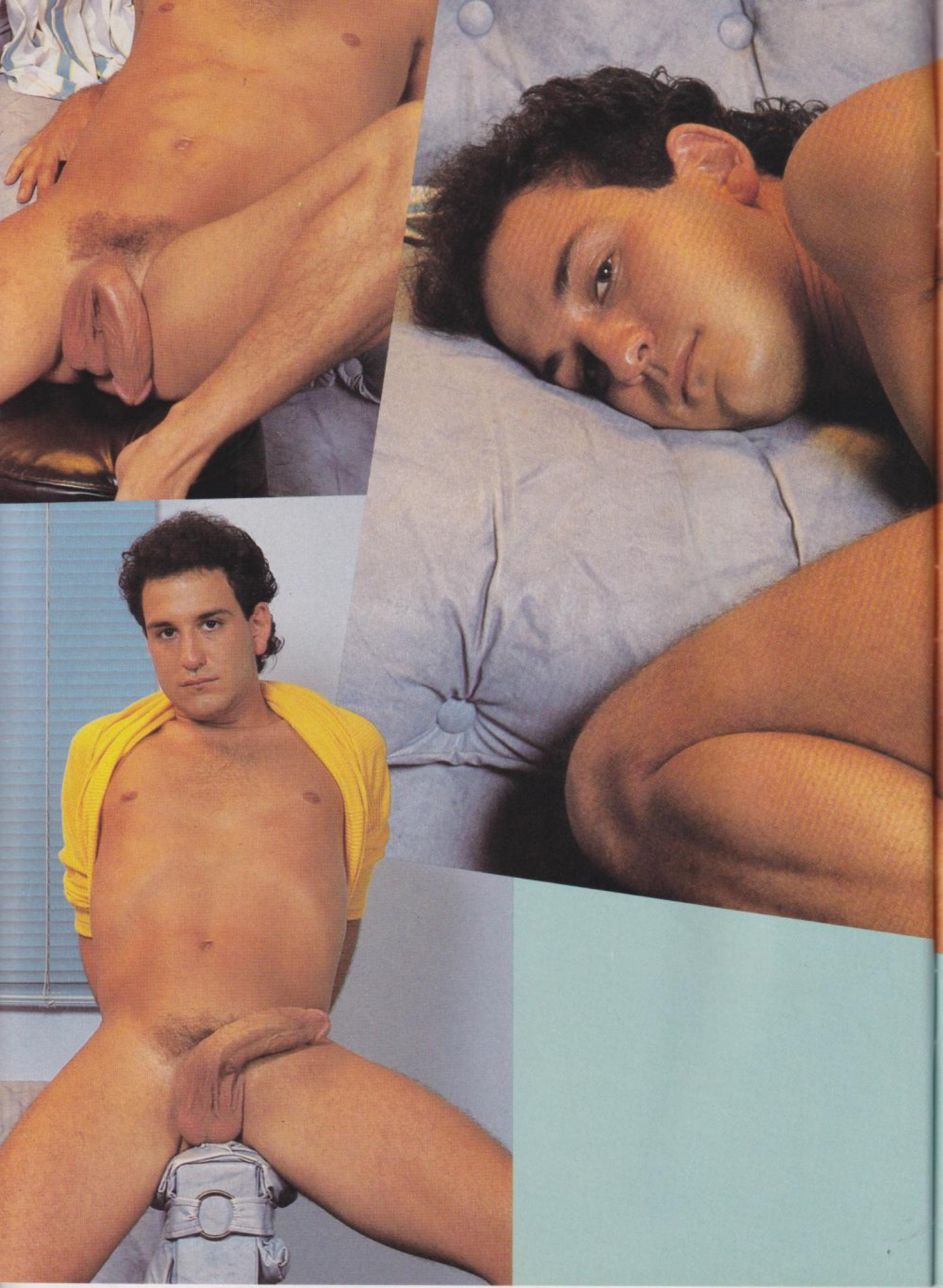
THE RUSTLE OF HUSTLE

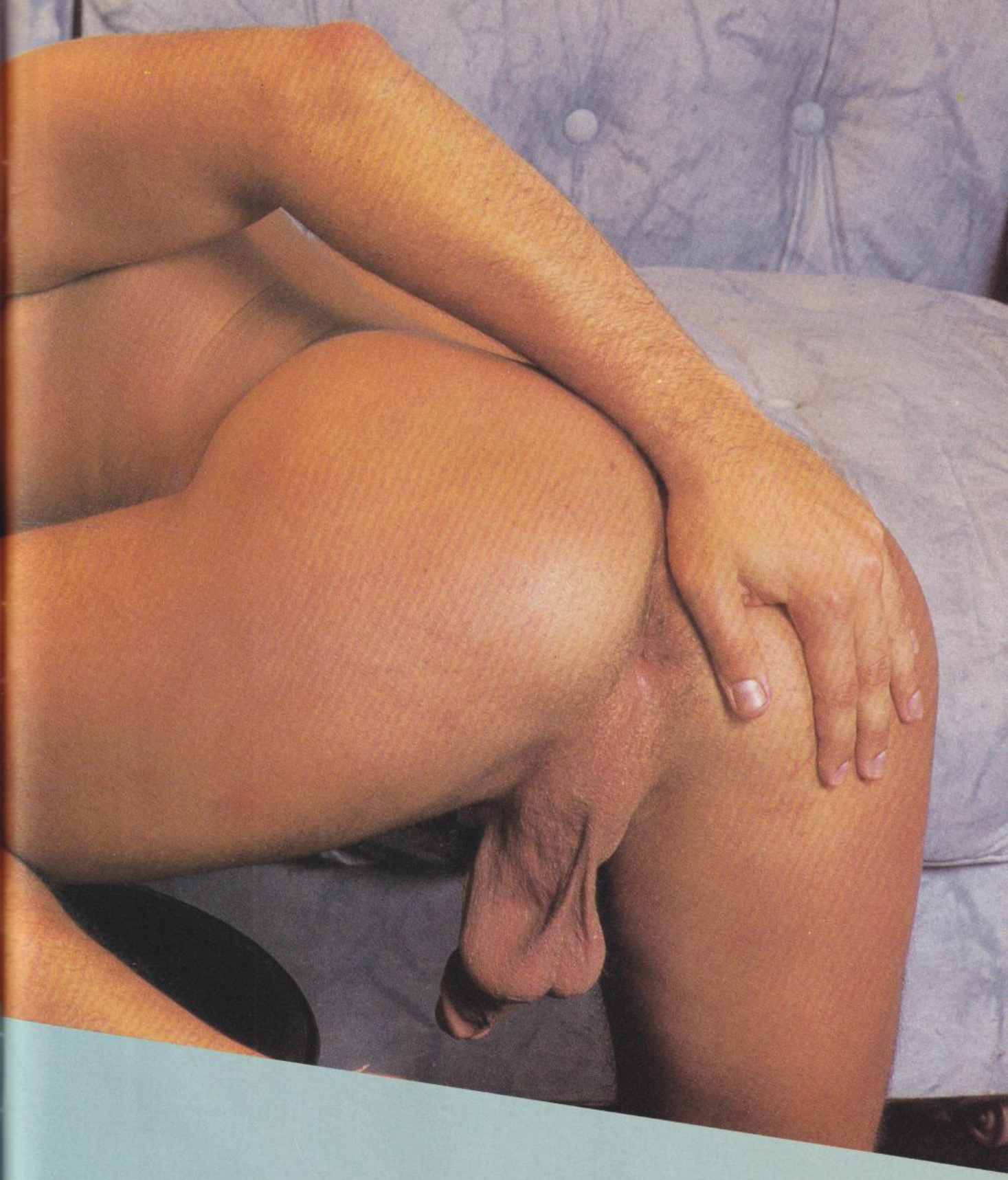
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CATALINA

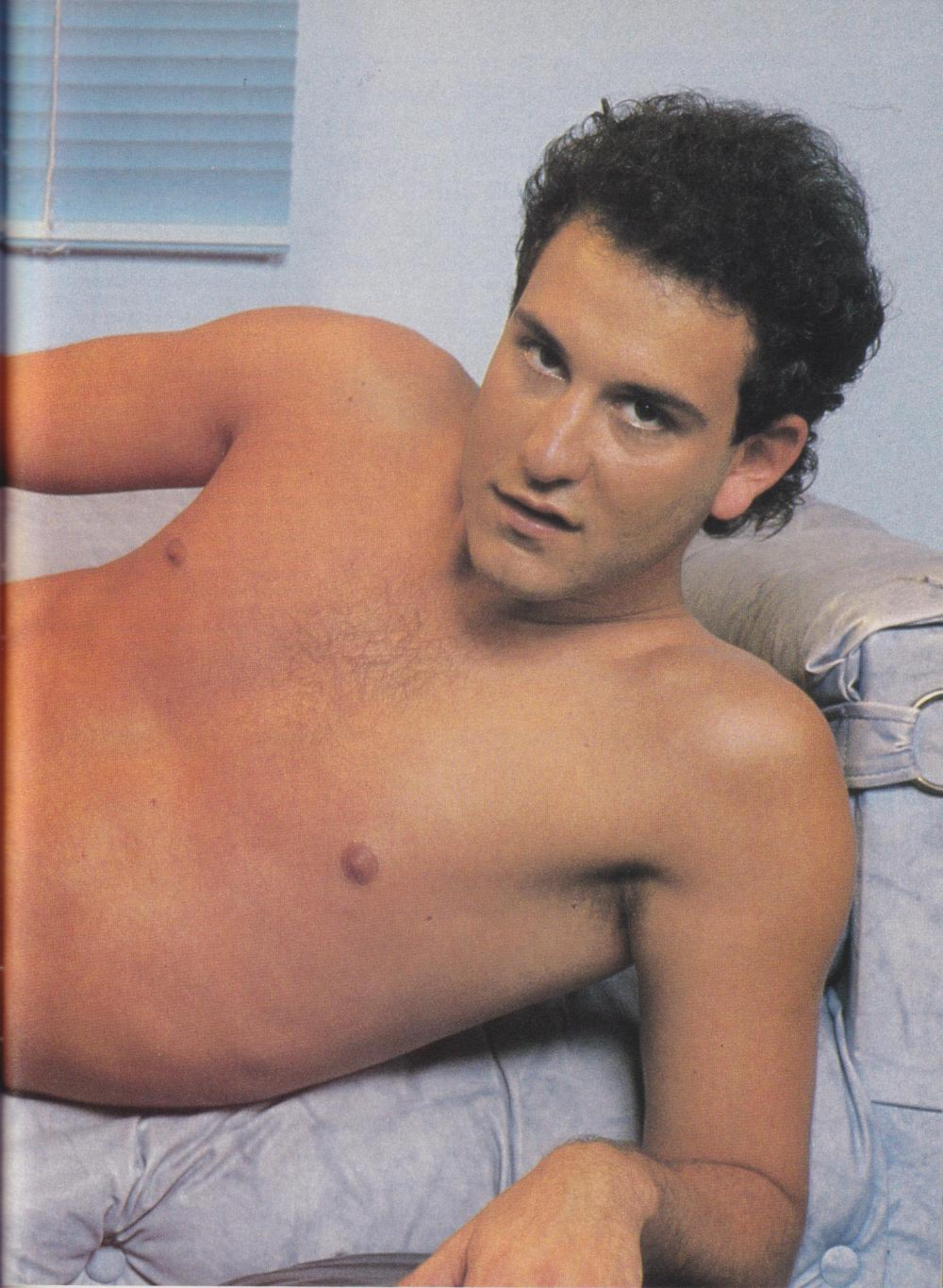












HEADED WEST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Jed spit into the palm of his hand and moistened his cock. He bent slightly and guided his stiff rod into Jim's waiting asshole.

Jed drove himself hard and deep into Jim. Like a fluid meteor, glowing in the moonlight, an arc of creamy cock-juice spurted from the end of Jim's cock, followed by a second, and a third that drizzled down his leg. As Jim's body spasms slowed, Jed followed, jerking him forward and back until creamy fluid drained from Jim's ass as well.

"Uh...uh...oh." Hank tried not to let any sound escape his lips, but, unbidden, the same force that sent thick, creamy spurts erupting from his cock, pushed the uncontrollable grunts from his throat.

"Hey!" Jed whispered. "Somebody's out there!" His cock flopped from Jim's ass, slapping against his leg as he turned in the direction of the sound.

"Jesus!" Jim fell to the ground, pulling a blanket to cover himself.

"Oh, hell, it's only me," said Hank. He came out from behind the bush where he'd been standing, stuffing his flaccid cock back into his pants.

"Hank!" You mean...?"

"Yeah, I heard you two goin' at it and ya looked so good I decided to enjoy it with ya!"

"I'll be damned!" said Jim. The three of them laughed. Jed spread out the blankets, and they all sat down.

"Cigarette?" Hank asked. Jim and Jed each took one. Hank lit all three, then handed them out. He leaned on his elbow and took a long drag.

"Then who's this 'Uncle Burt'?"

"We was workin' for Burt Samuels in Flagstaff. About a month ago he found Jed and me in the bunkhouse, kinda like you did. He told us to git off-a his ranch 'fore sundown or he'd shoot the two of us as easy as he'd shoot a crippled horse." Jim paused, taking a drag from his cigarette.

"Said he wouldn't pay us, neither," Jim added. "He owed us for our last trail drive. We weren't about to leave there with nothin', so we took these here two ponies, and got the hell outta there. We wanta git to San Diego County and try to start over."

"Well, fellas, I don't hold with horse-thievin,' but I guess maybe you was owed them horses, and more." Hank stood, sucked the last possible smoke from his cigarette, then crushed it under the heel of his boot. "Let's get some sleep now!"

In the morning, Juan returned,

A Collector's Dream . . . . . "Au Naturel©"

***Elite*™ has done it again!** Our reputation as the pioneers of artistic realism is now worldwide. We are delighted and, of course our copyists are confounded again.

We proudly introduce our ***New*** addition to the Family Jewel™ Collection, the . . **"Au Naturel"©** . In handcrafting each one, we've combined the natural **UNCUT** look with a newly developed **silky feel** that absolutely ***defies description***. Like our Original Family Jewel,™ the **"Au Naturel"©** is available in a wide variety of **sizes**,**colors** and **types** and has it's own **built-in suction cup**.

***Luxurious, sensational and deliciously indulgent, spoil yourself with Elite's new* treasure!**

Elite™ • P.O. Box 412012 • Kansas City, MO 64108

Please send me _____ handcrafted *"Family Jewel(s)"* ©

Size
- ☐ 6"x1¼" . . . . $37.95 +*$4 P&H/item
- ☐ 6½"x1¾" . . . $42.95 + $4 P&H/item
- ☐ 8"x2¼" . . . . $47.95 + $4 P&H/item

☐ **"Au Naturel"** © New!
☐ Original
☐ VIBRATOR MODEL . . ADD $10.00 each.

Color
☐ Caucasian
☐ Mulatto
☐ Black

Enclosed is my ☐Money Order in the amount of $ _____ or charge to my ☐VISA ☐Mastercard
For ☐check(s) (Allow 4-6 wks. for check clearance and delivery.)Sorry, no C.O.D.'S. or EXCHANGES.

Card No. _____ Expires _____ Mo./Yr.

Please Print: Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Iam over 21 yrs. of age) Signature _____

Canadian residents: P&H IS U.S. $6.50. Overseas residents send self-addressed stamped envelope for ordering details. *For insured U.S. Mail Add $1.00/item.

Elite™ . . . in a class by itself™

All Orders Shipped UPS and Discreetly Packaged. © ELITE 1988

having found the best passage along the river, and everyone pitched in to fill every pot and vessel with water before leaving Yuma. The cattle drive followed the Butterfield Stage route after crossing the Colorado River.

Hank led the drive across the border into Mexico in order to avoid the sand dunes in the southern California desert. As the herd re-crossed the border back into California, a lone horseman approached.

"Mind if I ride along with you?" he asked. "Name's Burt Samuels. I'm headed west."

For safety's sake, riders often joined trail drives while crossing such barren areas. Hank knew that this rider was joining them for another reason.

As evening approached, the drive halted and the men made camp. Jim and Jed noticed that someone had joined the drive, but the blowing dust and the activity of the day had prevented them from realizing who it was. As they came up to the chuck wagon after tethering their horses, they stopped short. Burt Samuels stood up and pushed his hat back on his head, his gun pointed at the two drifters.

"Now hold on, Samuels," Hank interrupted. "You got a beef with these men, I wanta know about it."

Just as quickly as Jim realized that it was Burt, he turned on his heel and ran toward his horse.

"Jed!" he called back.

Jed seemed transfixed, as if he were a naughty boy caught stealing from his mother's purse.

"Stop, Jim, or I'll shoot," Burt shouted.

Jim kept running, loosened his horse's reins, and was about to mount, when a shot split the air.

Jim slumped against his horse. Blood smeared his dirty shirt and spattered against his horse. He crumpled to the ground. The shot startled Jed. He ran to Jim, kneeling and cradling his head in his lap. Jim was dead.

"These men stole my horses," Burt said.

"Is that all?" Hank asked.

"Wha'cha mean, 'that all'? It's enough, ain't it?"

"I was told you found 'em in a compromisin' situation and then told 'em to git without pay."

Hank tried not to let any sound escape his lips, but, unbidden, the same force that sent thick, creamy spurts erupting from his cock, pushed the uncontrollable grunts from his throat.

"If you mean fuckin' in the bunkhouse, that don't mean shit to me. I fucked *both* their asses before. Hey, look here! I like suckin' cock as much as they do. When I hired these two, I hired them because they said they were hard workers and because I could tell they liked hard men. I paid 'em decent, and on time. What I don't like is Goddamned thievin' bastards!"

Hank looked Burt over more closely. He looked like he could shove a mean dick into the best of assholes. Hank could see the outline of Burt's cock pressing against the snug fabric of his trousers.

They rolled Jim's blanket around his body and slung it across one of the stolen horses.

Jed explained to Hank that what Burt said was true. He had been a good boss, a fair man, and a helluva satisfying sex partner.

"We took the four horses because we didn't see how's we'd ever save enough to buy our own. We wanted to git to southern California, an' we figured that would be the fastest way," he said.

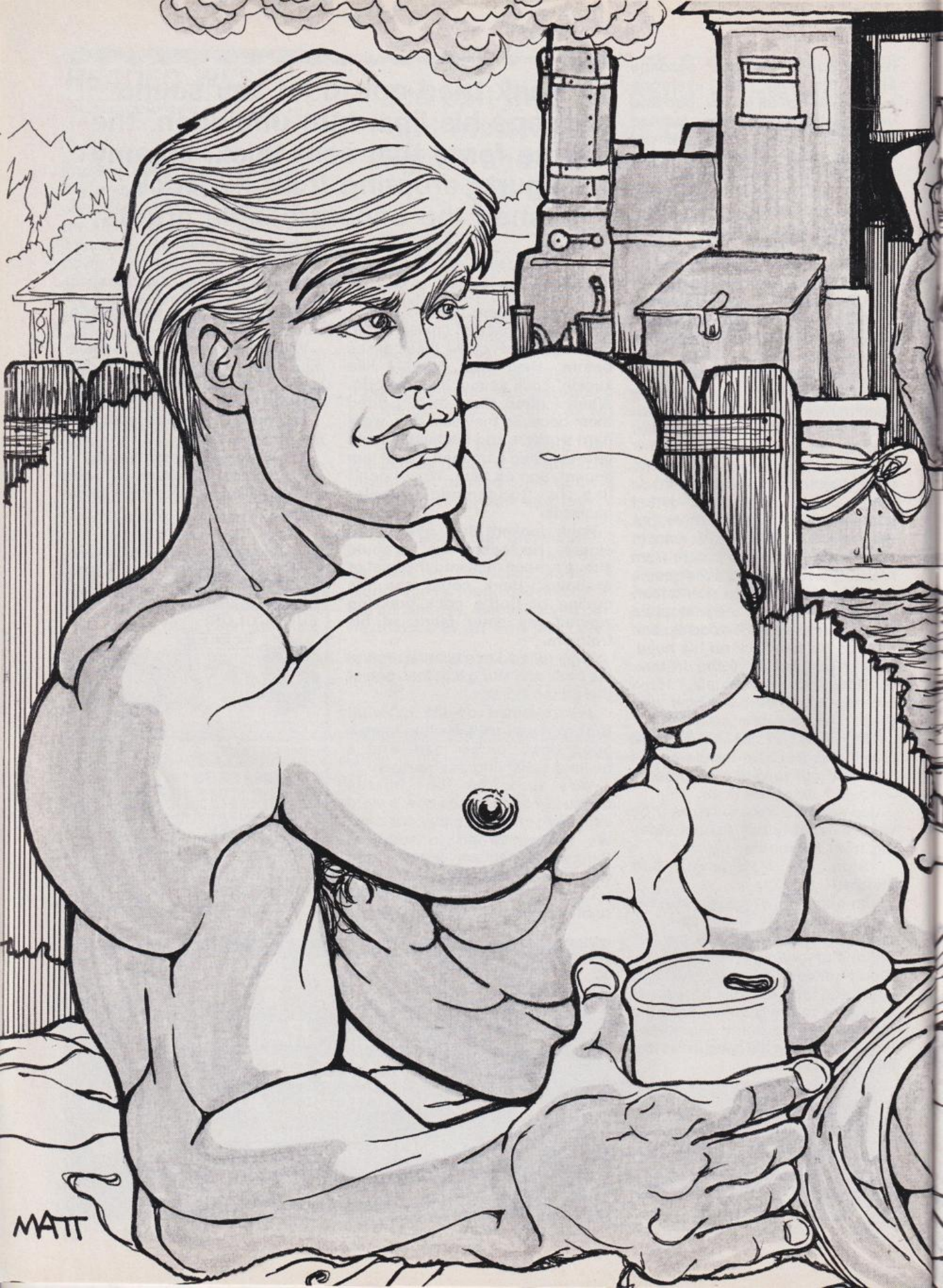
"I told Jim I didn't think it was right, treatin' Burt that way after he was square with us. I won't be no trouble," he added.

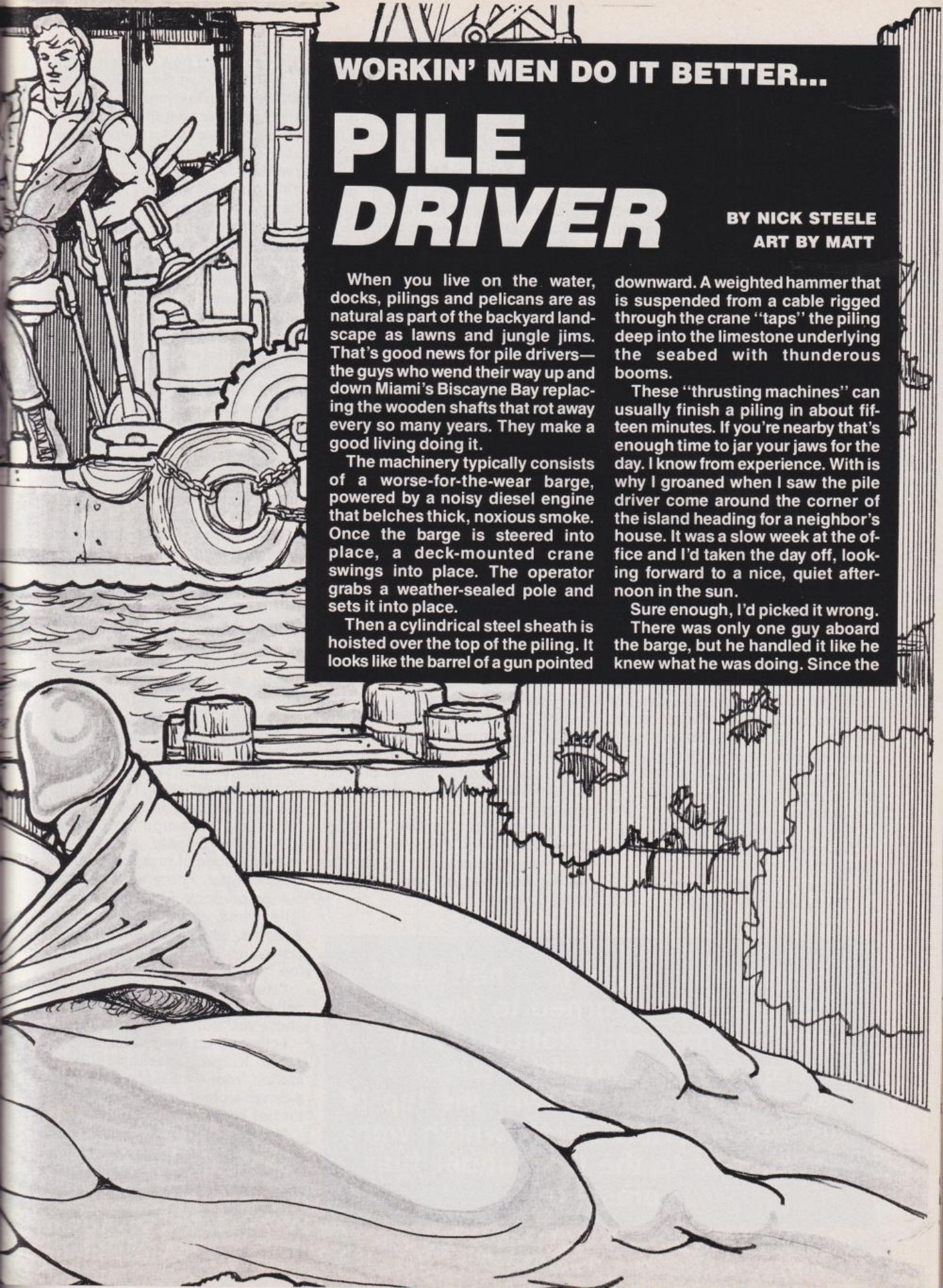
When Burt was ready to leave, his horses, Jed, and Jim's body in tow, he dismounted and approached Hank.

"If you're ever in Flagstaff, look me up," he said.

"Figured we'd head that way on our ride back to Phoenix," said Hank, smiling and blowing a smoke ring. ■

The MEAT RACK
HOT! - LIVE! - RAUNCHY!
PHONE SEX!
NO SCRIPTS, NO ACTORS ... JUST REAL MEN
213/654-3409 Unlimited time VISA/M-C/DC $18.95 for repeat calls
Prices that TURN YOU ON!


MATT



WORKIN' MEN DO IT BETTER...

PILE DRIVER

BY NICK STEELE
ART BY MATT

When you live on the water, docks, pilings and pelicans are as natural as part of the backyard landscape as lawns and jungle jims. That's good news for pile drivers—the guys who wend their way up and down Miami's Biscayne Bay replacing the wooden shafts that rot away every so many years. They make a good living doing it.

The machinery typically consists of a worse-for-the-wear barge, powered by a noisy diesel engine that belches thick, noxious smoke. Once the barge is steered into place, a deck-mounted crane swings into place. The operator grabs a weather-sealed pole and sets it into place.

Then a cylindrical steel sheath is hoisted over the top of the piling. It looks like the barrel of a gun pointed downward. A weighted hammer that is suspended from a cable rigged through the crane "taps" the piling deep into the limestone underlying the seabed with thunderous booms.

These "thrusting machines" can usually finish a piling in about fifteen minutes. If you're nearby that's enough time to jar your jaws for the day. I know from experience. With is why I groaned when I saw the pile driver come around the corner of the island heading for a neighbor's house. It was a slow week at the office and I'd taken the day off, looking forward to a nice, quiet afternoon in the sun.

Sure enough, I'd picked it wrong.

There was only one guy aboard the barge, but he handled it like he knew what he was doing. Since the

house where he was working was a couple hundred feet away, I couldn't make out what he looked like in detail. But there were signs of promise.

A shock of sun-bleached brown hair rimmed the edge of his blue baseball cap. His short-sleeved blue denim shirt was unbuttoned halfway down and as he wheeled the crane into position his well-tanned arms revealed ripples of solid muscle. And his faded jeans clung to his ass when he bent over to manipulate his equipment.

Straight looking, but what the hell? It was a definite improvement on the scenery. The longer he worked, the more interested I got. After about an hour, he had set the first piling and was lining up number two...and I had a raging hard-on.

I doubt he could see the salami pressing out against my Speedo, but he did begin to glance at me every once in a while, especially when he stood up after bending over to adjust something. As if he was checking whether I liked the show.

Then, all of a sudden, he stood up and slipped out of his shirt, revealing one of the sexiest looking chests I'd ever seen. Muscular and flat, with a nice dusting of brown hair. He looked over to me and smiled broadly. I had to roll over on my stomach before my aching dick popped right out of the trunks.

By now, my eyes were glued to the pile driver. And he kept checking me out from time to time.

Finally, he called over to me: "Ever seen one of these in action before?"

"From a distance," I replied.

"Sorry about the noise."

"I don't mind," I said. I had been so busy watching him that I hadn't really paid much attention to the din. Besides, the sound of the pile driver banging away just added to the effect.

I decided to take the initiative. It was a weekday and there was nobody around. What the hell.

"Can I get you a beer?" I shouted.

"Sure thing," he said, grinning broadly. "It's pretty hot today."

"Be right over," I said. I wrapped a beach towel around me as I rose, but I noticed that he was watching me carefully, getting a shot of my rock-hard dick standing out under my trunks.

In the house, I slipped on a pair of khaki shorts and grabbed two cans of Heineken. In a few minutes I'd crossed the seawall and arrived at the worksite.

The favorable impression I had gotten from a distance was more than borne out at close range. This pile driver was a number and a half. With a body that wouldn't quit. He accepted the cold brew with a hearty thank-you, and downed about half the can with a single, slow swallow.

"Man, that really hits the spot," he said.

"I know the feeling." I was so overwhelmed by this guy that I couldn't help staring at him. A light coat of sweat made his body shine, highlighting his perfectly formed pecs. And a sizable basket bulged out at his crotch. It looked like a stiffer coming on.

My own erection hadn't gone down much and I didn't try to conceal the pressure under my shorts. As he polished off the beer, he looked right at it, too.

The hammer came to a halt and by the time I had turned to face him again he had unbuttoned his fly all the way. The round head of a beautiful dick jutted over the top of his white cotton briefs, which were stretched to the limit under that pressure.

He explained how he planned to finish the work on the dock. He was installing a special landing platform for a boat. The owner of the house was out of town, but he'd worked out all the details for the job in advance.

"Nice work," I said. "You know what you're doing."

"Thanks. My dad started this business thirty years ago. I've been doing it since I was a kid."

"You're not exactly ancient now."

He chuckled. "I suppose not. It's just sorta weird when you've been doing the same job for fifteen years and you're not even thirty."

"Looks like it agrees with you," I offered, with a wink.

He smiled. "Thanks. You wear whatever it is you do pretty well yourself."

I offered him a refill, but he declined. He turned toward the barge. "Well, I better get back at it. Thanks for the beer."

By this time, I was damn near crazy just from being next to this guy. And the sight of that perfectly V-ed back and those powerful, well-developed buns pressing against the Levi's had me starved for some relief.

He seemed to sense it.

"You ever been aboard one of these rigs?" he asked.

"No."

"Come on, if you like."

"I like," I said, without hesitation, following him onto the deck.

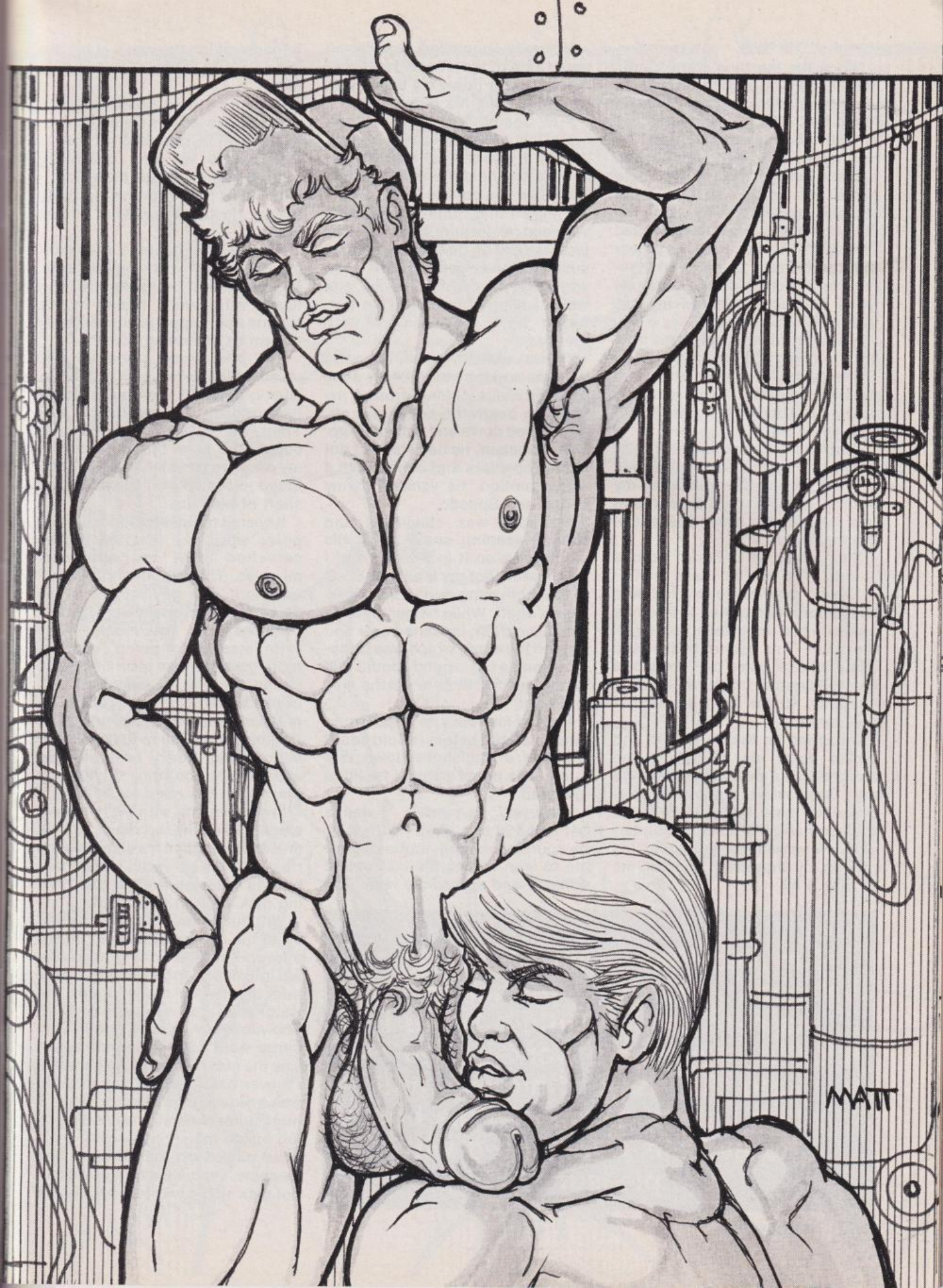
"Watch your step. There's tools and junk all over the place."

Indeed, the barge was littered with steel gadgets, most in advanced stages of rust. But obviously functional. There were five new pilings on deck. I looked around a little while, pretending to be interested, while he cranked up the crane and lined up the driver at the top.

"Hey, come on up here," he called from the control station. "I'll show you how this thing works."

I climbed up the few stairs to the cabin. It was larger inside than it looked from a distance. There was a driver's chair and a console with lots of levers and guages.

He explained how some of them worked and then began to hammer in the piling. The noise was deafening, accentuating the heat inside the cabin.


MATT

"Here," he said, "you try it."

I took the throttles in my hands like he showed me and began to drive the hammering rig. It wasn't really that difficult. But what *was* difficult was keeping my mind on my work. He had positioned himself behind me, so he could guide my hands, and his body pressed into me every time the vibration of the driver reverberated through the barge. It was very clear that there was a fat piece of man-muscle bunched up inside those jeans because it dented my ass with mechanical thrust.

I thought I'd pass out. I was driving the piling, he was driving me. The musky odor of the man behind me had me dizzy. Automatically, I pushed my body back toward him with every hit.

And he got the message. Pretty soon, he was grinding against me, his bare sweaty chest slapping my naked back, his thighs pounding into my ass with every descent of the machinery.

"It's pretty hot in here," he said at last. "Too hot for these jeans."

The hammer came to a halt and by the time I had turned to face him again he had unbuttoned his fly all the way. The round head of a beautiful dick jutted over the top of his white cotton briefs, which were stretched to the limit under that pressure.

I reached for the waistband and pulled down his jeans and the Jockeys to his ankles together. And my face went right for that gorgeous nine incher. I tongued the head and the sensitive underside. He groaned, tightening his grip on my shoulders, begging me to take it all.

Naturally, I complied. I swallowed every inch of that meaty tool, jamming it so far down my throat that my lips grazed his pubic hair.

"Oh, Jesus," he moaned, cramming his pelvis into my hungry mouth. I grabbed his athletic ass cheeks and held them tight, while I pumped his aching rod.

I milked that hunky stud with a vengeance, letting him fuck my face as hard as he wanted. While I sucked, my fingers worked their way along the crack of his ass, and when I slipped one into his hot, horny hole, he shouted with pleasure.

He was quivering with the need to come and the traces of his salty precum weere oozing around my lips. But before he could pop off, he reached down and pulled me up.

In an instant, he had stepped out of his Topsiders and pants. With a single motion, he yanked off my shorts and Speedo.

My cock was steel-hard and already seeping some juice. His mouth was on it in a flash, and I damn near shot my load at the feel of this hot young dude's lips working my shaft. While he pumped me with his mouth, I reached over and worked his cock, which was throbbing and so big around I could just barely get my fingers all the way around it.

He had me ready to shoot in no time at all, but before I could squirt a gallon of fuck-juice down that hunky pile driver's throat he lifted his head.

"Not yet," he panted. "I wanna get some of this, first." With that, he spun me around, motioning for me to lean across the instrument console and spread my legs. The finger stroking the crack of my ass left no doubt about what he had in mind.

I was so turned on by that time that I'd have let this dude dry-fuck me. But when he spread my cheeks and jabbed his hot, spit-lubed tongue into my eager fuck- hole, I knew he'd been in this territory before. He sure knew what he was doing.

After a few minutes of expert mouth music, I was ready to burst. My dick was bouncing up and down with every thrust of his tongue and dripping with a steady stream of glistening jism.

The pile driver stood up and clued me in on the next course by sliding first one, then two slippery fingers deep into my hungry ass. Then he reached around and coated the palm of his hand with my pre-cum and smeared our combined juices all over the head and shaft of his cock.

It seared my insides like a fire-hot poker when the first few inches smashed past my sphincter muscles. Then suddenly the sensation of this guy's cock in my fuck-channel overwhelmed me and I wanted more. Lots more.

He started to pump, sending more meat into me each time. And finally it was all in—every last inch of that sensational rod—packed up my ready ass. As he picked up the rhythm and began to fuck with fervor, his big, heavy balls slapped against my scrotum, driving me crazy with the need for action.

I was moaning with every thrust, starved to be hosed down by this muscular number. He clenched my ribs with his powerful hands and my ass muscles worked that driving dick with all their might.

Without a word, his hand slipped up to the control panel and pulled a lever. The pile driving rig rumbled into action, pounding that pole into the heavy stone under the water with a slow, steady rhythm. The vibrations echoing through the barge were like an earthquake. It was the most incredible experience I'd ever had—like my whole body was inside a huge vibrator, while a huge human vibrator was doing its job inside me.

He picked up the stride of the machine. Every time he plowed that hot dick all the way into me, the air

I milked that hunky stud with a vengeance, letting him fuck my face as hard as he wanted. While I sucked, my fingers worked their way along the crack of his ass, and when I slipped one into his hot, horny hole, he shouted with pleasure.

MATT

would shudder with the explosive hammering of the rig. On and on it went, like some wild ride into ecstasy.

I knew he couldn't hold off much longer. Each time he pounded his meat deep between my ass cheeks, I could feel his dick expand, penetrating so far inside that I was going crazy with the feeling. I could feel his chest heaving against my back. His breath was hot and hard on the back of my neck.

He screamed in my ear, the sound of his voice instantly swallowed by the volume of the machine. And he pulled me so tight against him that it almost hurt while he spilled his load in spasm after spasm.

"Oh shit!" he yelled. "Oh fuck! Oh man, what a hot ass!"

He came for what seemed like hours, spurting a new load deep inside me each time the hammer came down on that piling.

Finally, he pulled out. I was within seconds of getting off, just from the feeling of that fucker's pole. But before my own rod got a couple of critical tugs, he had me around again.

He began to move with increased abandon. Both men forgot themselves as their bodies pleasured each other. The blue whiteness of the moon's glow dropped across them as if spotlighting nature's urge for union.

He knelt on the deck in front of me and swallowed my whole cock. The feeling of that stud's mouth wrapped around my aching pole was sensational. When I was ready to pop, he pulled off and started to tongue my balls, taking each one into his mouth while he pumped my dick with his hand.

"Jesus!" I screamed, my hands locking around the back of his head.

A big spurt of cum shot clear across the cabin, splattering on the controls. His mouth kept working my balls. More jism hosed down his face. Then he put his lips around my throbbing dick and deep-throated me some more. Shivers ran down my spine as three more spasms of pleasure sent load after load of hot fuck juice down that stud's mouth.

It was all I could do to stand. I figured I'd shot at least a quart, my knees felt like rubber bands. He rose and wrapped his arms around me, prying my lips open with his tongue and Frenching for a long time. We were both panting, lathered in sweat.

After a little while, he reached for the lever and turned off the hammer.

He looked at me and smiled. "It's in," he said, with a chuckle.

No shit, I thought. And the warmth in my ass reminded me that I need to replace a couple of old pilings at my place. ■

ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER

HAWK PRODUCTIONS presents

All Male Cast

Video Special!

OF HOLLAND

This film deals with all male sex in Holland from those that are cut to the uncut. 10 horny & hot parts to this film. Over 30 beautiful young men to bring you loads of pleasure. (About 90 min.)

REGULAR 79.95

OUR AD SPECIAL 49.95

ADD $3 POSTAGE & HANDLING

- MAIL ORDERS SHIPPED IMMEDIATELY
- CHECKS CLEARED IN 14 DAYS
- SORRY, NO C.O.D. ORDERS
- CREDIT CARDS FOR OUR REG. CUSTOMERS ONLY

Join the **ERO-VIDEO** mail order club. Be discreet and have your products mailed. Monthly flyers.
☐ $5 CLUB FEE ENCLOSED

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ST_____ ZIP_____

SIGNATURE (Order must be signed) AGE

By my signature I state that I am over 21 yrs. of age and request you to send me all of your brochures.

California residents add 6½% sales tax.

ERO-DIST.

P.O. Box 8476 • DEPT. HO16
Universal City, Ca. 91608

■ BETA ■ VHS

ALL COLOR!

1-Cocksucking Jocks
2-Jock Fuckers
3-Ass Eating Jocks
4-Jock Loads

32 PAGES EA.

XXX RATED **MAGAZINES**
ACTION CRAMMED
UP TO $17.50 REG. VALUE
ONLY $5 EA. ALL 4 ONLY $14

DAN-ISK Magazines
BOX 2479 - DEPT. HO16
TOLUCA LAKE, CA. 91602

ABSOLUTELY **FREE!**
SUPER SEX PACKAGE
SELECT ANY FOUR

- 6 Hard Comics
- Peter Pleaser
- Suck movies
- Penis Creme
- Gay Sex Novels
- Adult Playing Cards
- 25 Male Snapshots
- Magazines

One per customer so we can introduce our NEW giant color catalog!
RUSH: SUPPLIES LIMITED
ENCLOSE $3 REFUNDED ON 1ST ORDER

SAL N.
BOX 32, DEPT. HO16
No. Hollywood, Ca 91603

WATCH ME CUM

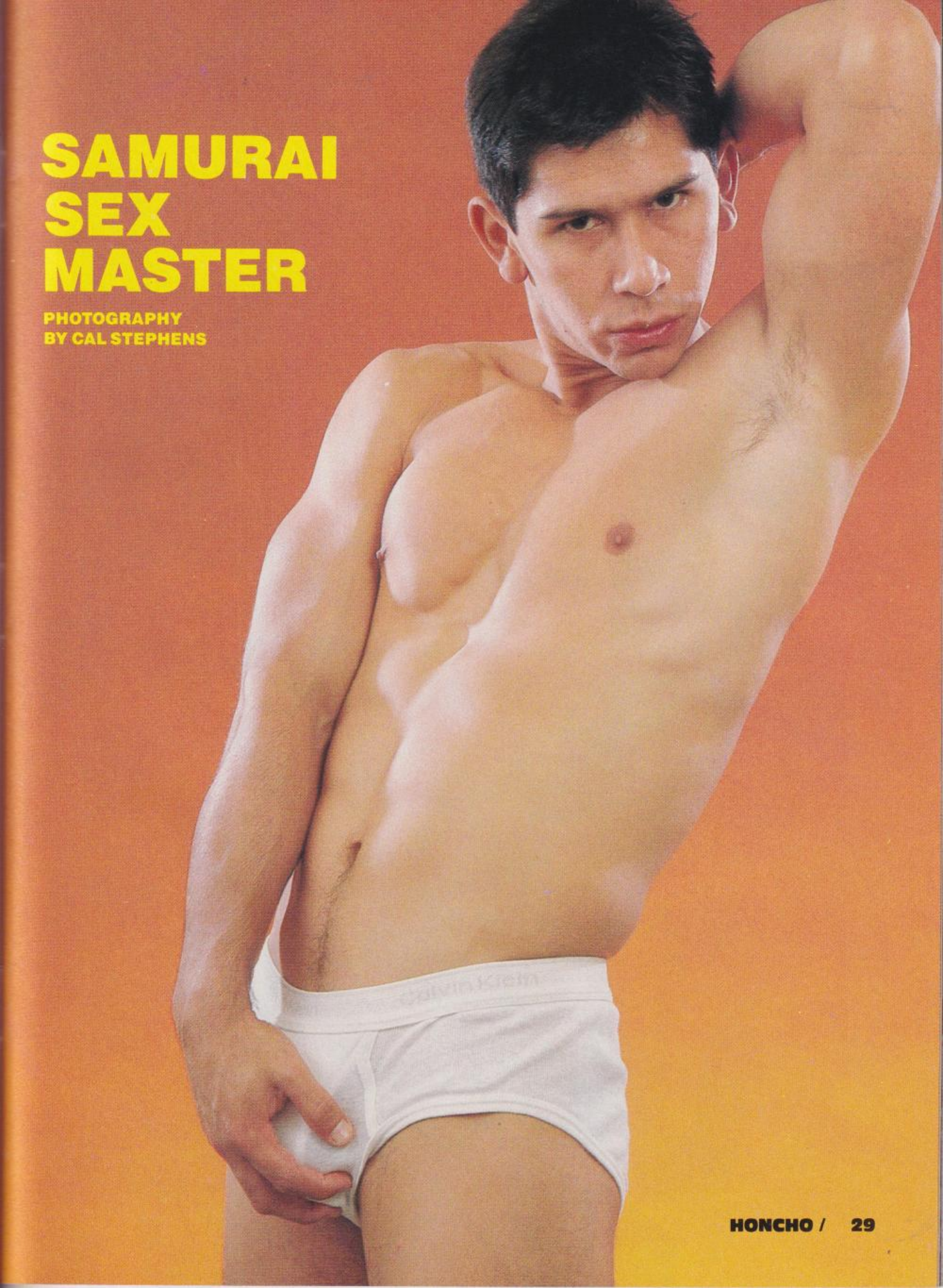
I'll masturbate just for you! I'll do everything to myself while you get it off!

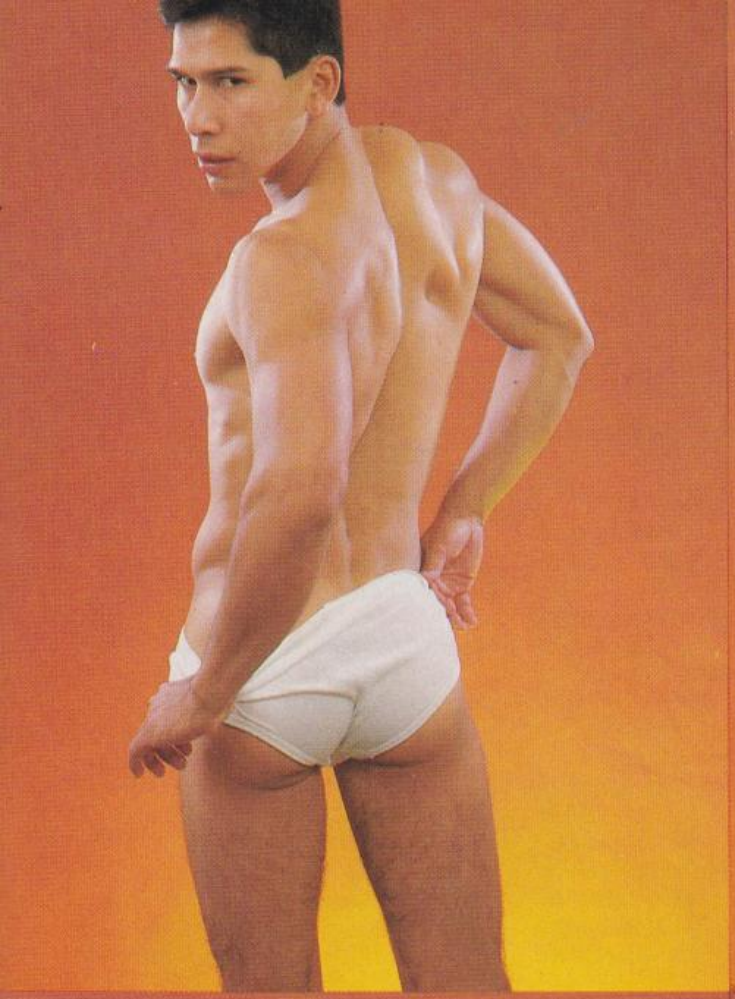
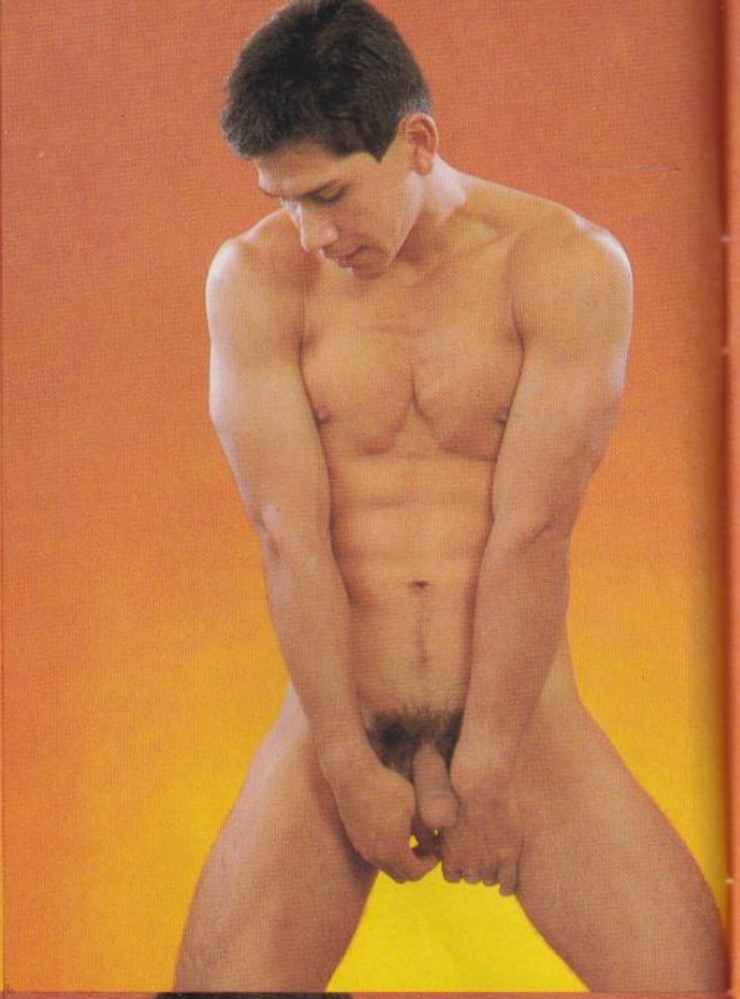
10 WET SHOTS.....$5
20 WET SHOTS.....$10
HOME VIDEO.....$20

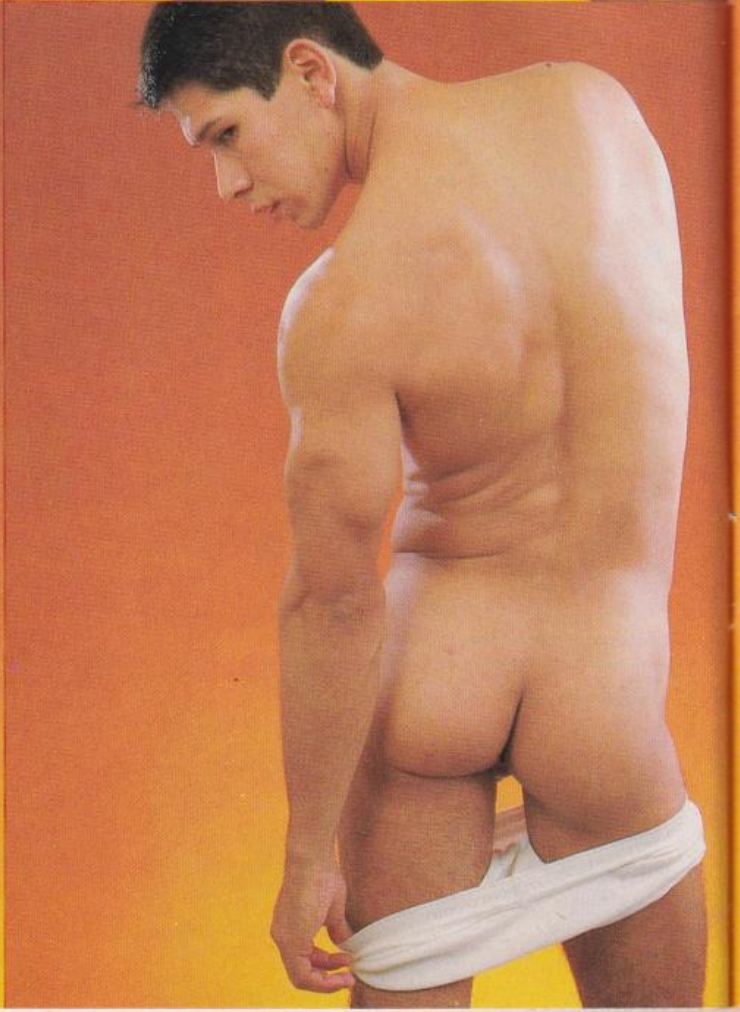
LES-P, BOX 10326, DEPT. HO16 GLENDALE, CA 91209

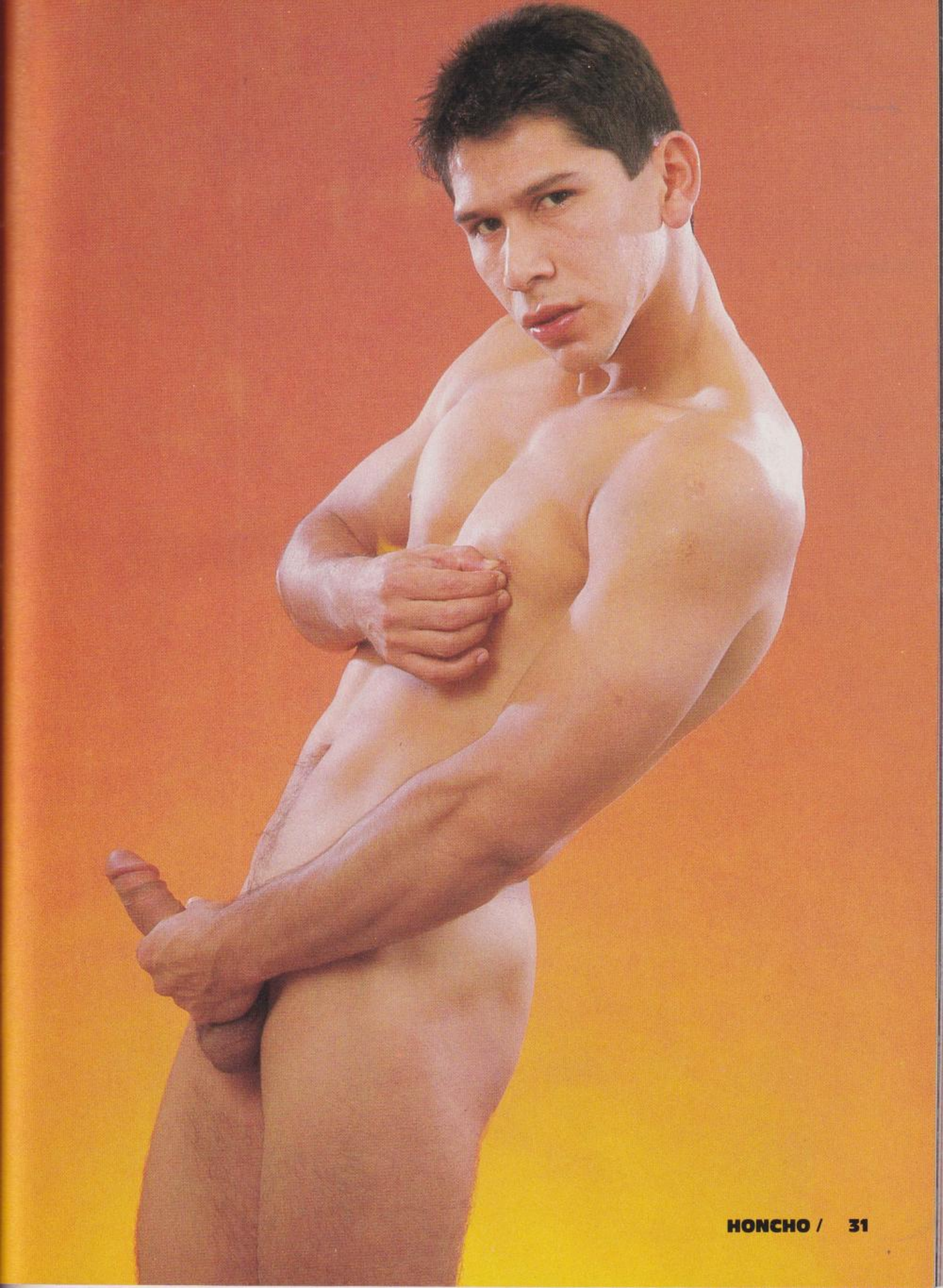
SAMURAI SEX MASTER

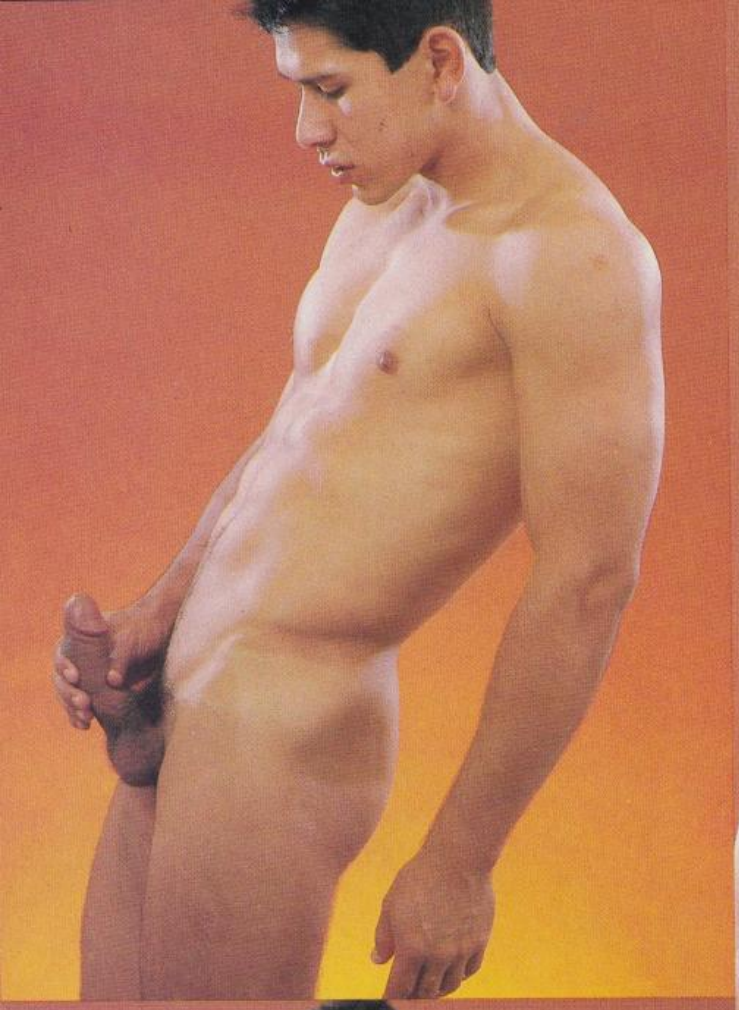
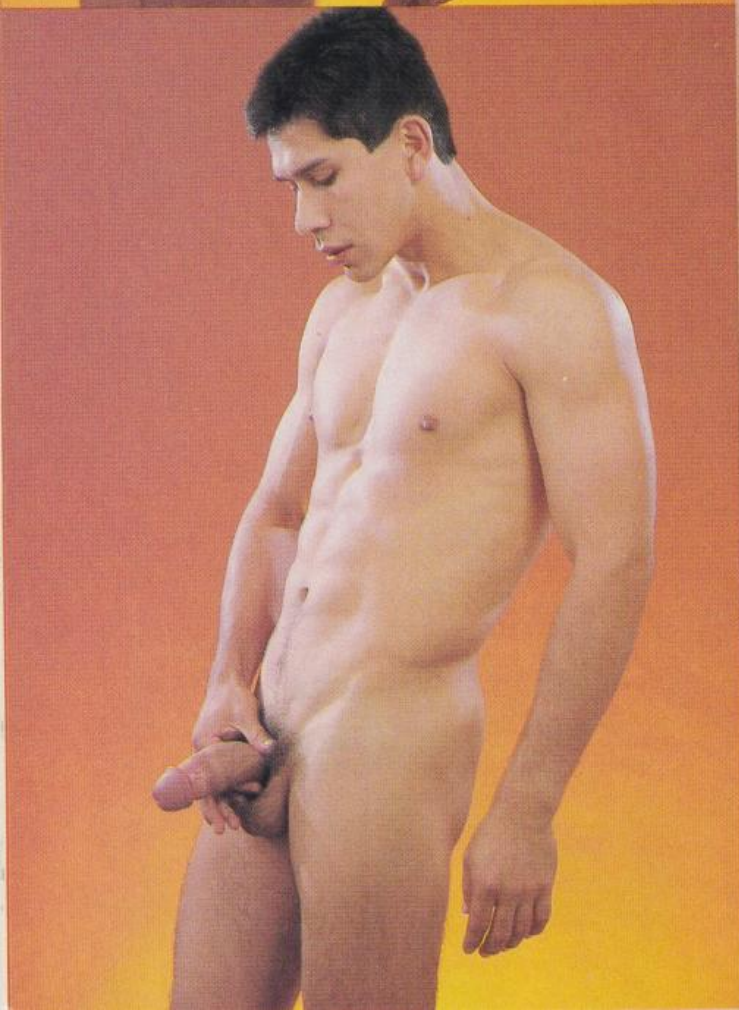
PHOTOGRAPHY
BY CAL STEPHENS

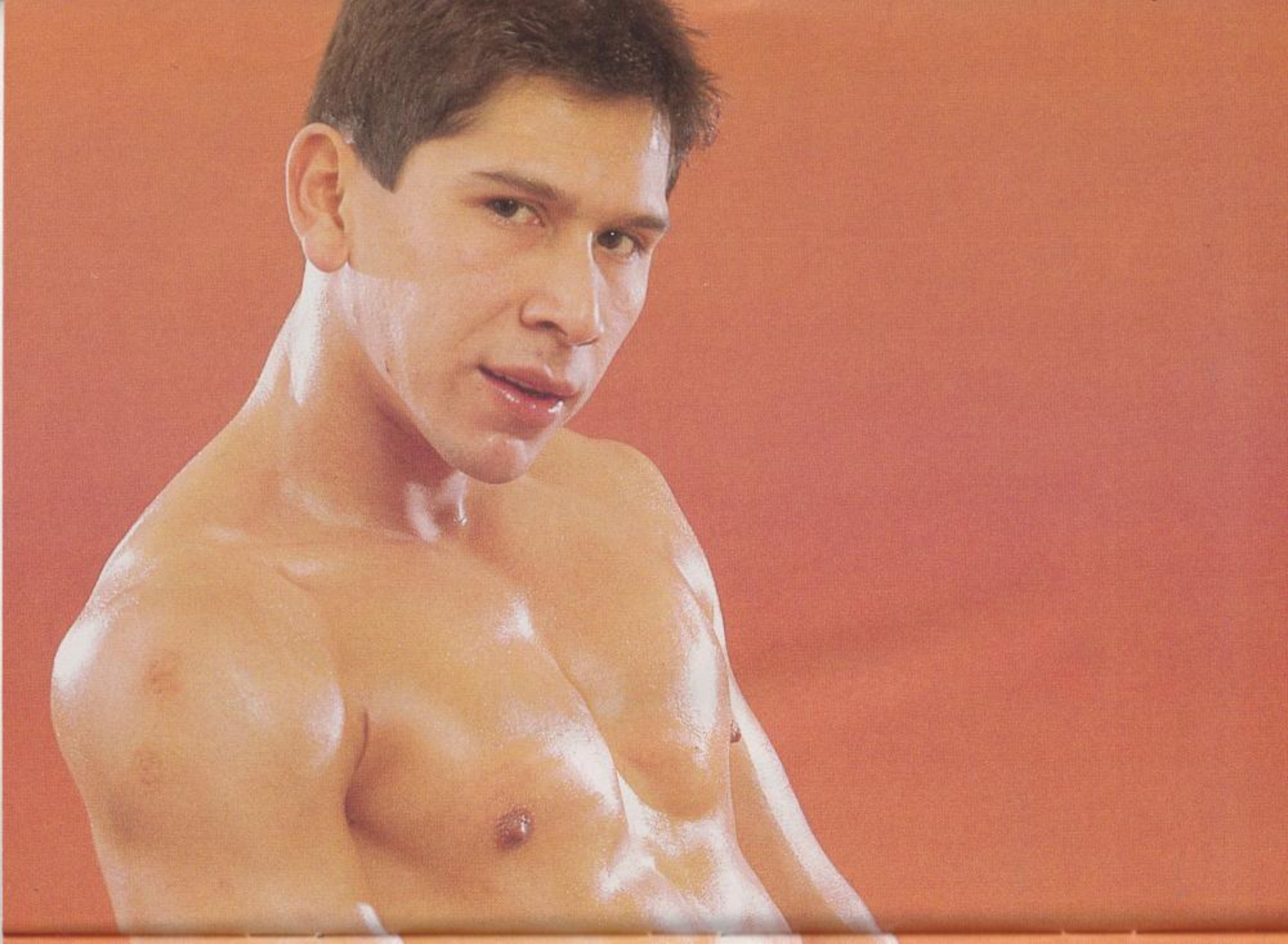








WHAT'S LONG, SLICK, AND THICKER THAN A SPARTAN'S SPEAR?

GREEK TREASURES

BY CONSTANTINE POROS

When we got to the huge 18-incher, all three of us were jacking off to beat the band, as I tried to work it up my ass. I did get it past the sphincter, but not all the way in, by a long shot. It was just too fat. We're still not sure what it came from—a donkey, a horse, or a bull.

Dr. Frederick Woolrich is not exactly a senior citizen, but almost. He's grey haired and I guess you'd call him professorial looking. He goes in for polka-dot bow ties, tweed jackets and charcoal-grey slacks.

He's worked as a curator at the College Anthropology Museum forever. In fact, some people claim he's a permanent exhibit like the dinosaurs, the gem stones and the Pueblo village.

At one time, like 30 years ago, he was a field archeologist who participated in a number of digs in Peloponnesos, especially around ancient Sparta. He must have been in a lot better shape in those days. It takes a lot of muscle to climb around in rocky terrain. The temperature can get very hot in summer and very chilly in winter. The ancient Spartans, they say, used to run around bare-assed, playing war games and bathing daily in mountain streams.

If Dr. Woolrich ever tried to emulate them, as I say, it must have been a long time ago. Nowadays, I think mountain climbing and pick-and-shovel work would kill him. He spends about 12 hours a day in the museum basement, working on his books. Before he hired me as his assistant, I used to see him occasionally on campus walking along all bent over like the hunchback of Notre Dame.

He requested me by name, even though I had spoken to him only once and that was for about ten seconds. There was no interview. I swear I was hired entirely on the basis of my name. As you may have guessed, Dr. Woolrich is a nut on Greece and my grandparents on both sides were born in Greece. And again, to be perfectly honest, there's really nothing to the job. He didn't even need a college student; he could have pulled in any warm body he saw passing on the street.

I go for coffee. I take books back to the library for him and get out others. I pick up his mail and try to find things for him in the huge basement storeroom where he works.

You should see that place! I almost quit on the spot when I saw the full extent of it. Possibly, that's why he doesn't interview job candidates down there. When you see the crap he has sitting around, you just want to run. It's all stuff for future exhibits. I don't think you'll find anything down there less than 2,500 years old—aside from the wrappings that is. The artifacts, as he calls the junk, are mostly from the Golden Age—around 500 B.C.

There are wooden crates and cardboard boxes and even some metal chests. The ceilings are about 12 feet high and things are piled up, touching the top, in some places. There are just these little narrow passageways like the maze at the Minotaur's palace. The first

couple of times I thought of letting out a thread to find my own way back. And don't even think of going down there if you're allergic to dust. I doubt that anyone with a broom or vacuum has been in there since the Museum opened 80 years ago.

Dr. Woolrich has a workroom hidden away in the back that's maybe 20 feet square with a littered desk and some file cabinets and a few heavy, uncushioned library chairs. And then, in the back, he's got this big cabinet with what he claims is a priceless collection of erotic figurines. I call them dirty statues. If they were real art they'd be on display upstairs. What I see is just statues of guys with oversized pricks in just about every position you can imagine. The statues are probably another reason why he doesn't conduct interviews down there.

It nearly blew my mind the first time I squeezed my way in there. I was working as a messenger then. It was just before I got the job as his part-time helper. He wasn't answering his phone, which I know now is usually the case, and the Director upstairs was having a shit hemorrhage. Dr. Woolrich was late for a meeting with potential contributors, which in the museum business is a no-no of the first order.

I had to leave when Dr. Woolrich turned out the lights that first day, but he had observed my interest in his artifacts, as he called them, and he asked my name. When I told him, he said, "I recognized you as Greek the minute you walked in. You remind me of the golden-haired Adonis." That's the way he talks. What I could see was a horny old man staring at the tubular lump that was lengthening along my thigh. And I could smell cum. I'm pretty sure he jacks off down there, playing with his artifacts. They say you never get too old for that kind of sex.

The first few weeks I thought he was just a weirdo, but harmless. Then gradually, as I got to know him, I saw that he was really a kind of off-beat genius. What he didn't know about ancient Greece wasn't worth knowing. He'd written books on the subject, and he was, in fact, working on a new one on ancient Greek graffiti and other erotica including the statuary.

While he did have the display cabinet with all the dirty statues as inspiration in his museum office, I soon learned that the bulk of his research material was kept at home. Probably with good reason.

I made that discovery one day when he asked me to help him take home a large box that had arrived from overseas. It was marked personal and was all taped up, so there was no question of its containing anything for the museum. At least that was what I figured.

It weighed about 80 pounds and I was thinking hernia all the while I was hefting it around and up the steps into his house. I'd never been inside before but I felt right at home. It was another maze. There was so much stuff lying around, with no place to sit or put down the big new box.

He had me take it into his study, which was almost a replica of his office in the basement of the museum. "A famous libertine has sent this collection to me on loan," Dr. Woolrich said. "I have seen several of the pieces individually, but not all in one place. I am all aflutter. I'm certain you'll be fascinated too. I have a scissors here in the desk that you can use to break the seals."

What was inside just about blew my mind. There were about a dozen stuffed animal penises that the ancients apparently used as dildos. They ranged in size from a well-worn six-incher to a pristine monster that must have been 18 inches long.

"Aren't they magnificent?" he said. "I'm going to have to have them photographed immediately. Do you number photography among your talents?"

I shook my head.

"I would much prefer seeing you in front of the camera rather than behind," he said. It was the first really personal thing he'd ever said to me, and I wondered if it was the start of a proposition, but he dropped the subject there—and so did I.

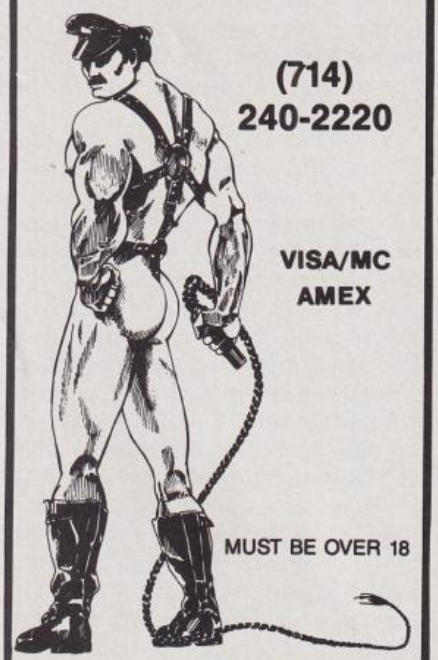
I felt horny as hell walking home. I kept thinking about that collection of animal dongs and wondering what a photographer would say when he saw what Dr. Woolrich wanted photographed. Would he show them in use? Who would he get to demonstrate? Did he go in for that sort of thing himself?

The next day when I went down to the basement after class, I was dying to ask if he'd found a photographer and a model. I thought of volunteering, but at that point I was still just making guesses. I had no evidence that Dr. Woolrich was gay. And it wasn't as if I was really desperate for sex. I don't have a live-in partner, but I know dozens of T-rooms where I can go and get sucked off just by showing it hard. I inherited a nine-incher and balls to match, and I have a hot older friend who introduced me to the traditional Greek art of ass-fucking.

But let me tell you about the day after the package arrived with the dildo collection. I found the big table in Dr. Woolrich's office covered with color slides. I'm not kidding, there were thousands of them. And I'd never seen them before. Lord only knows where he'd had them stashed away.

"You can help me sort them out by location," he said, as I walked

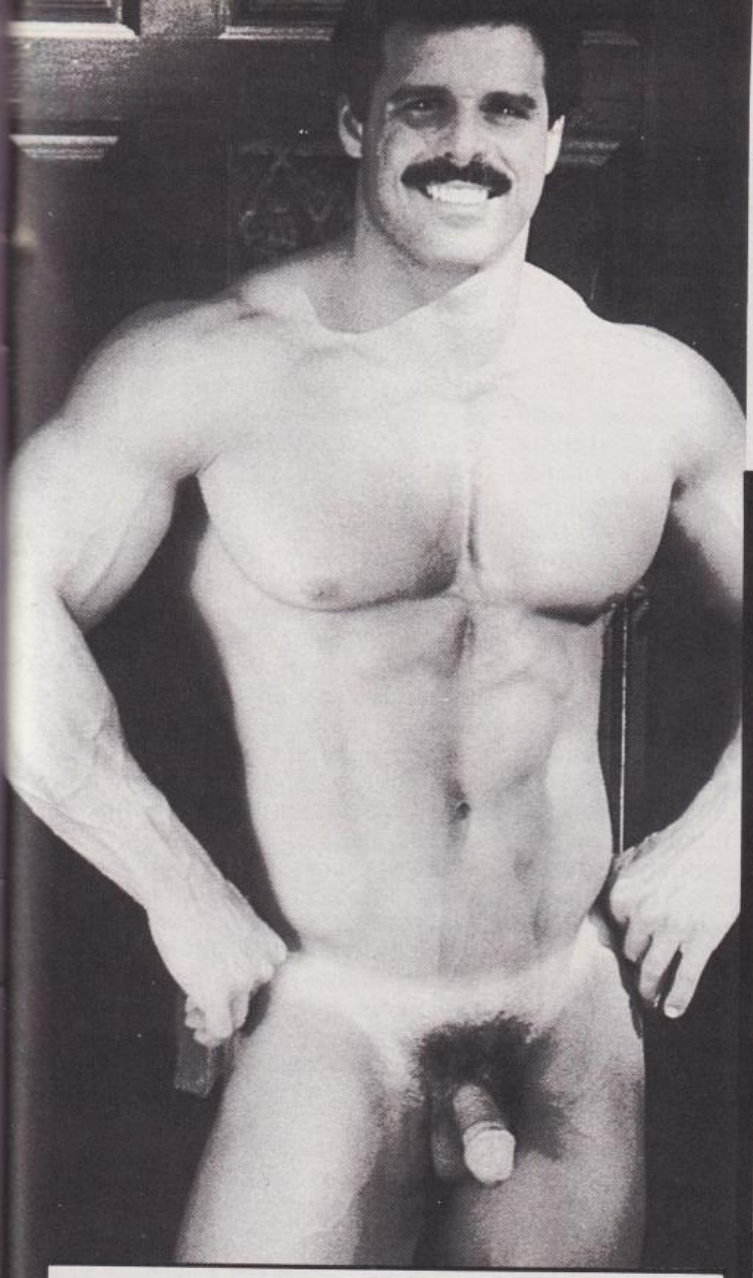
PETER'S PHONE ACTION



(714) 240-2220

VISA/MC AMEX

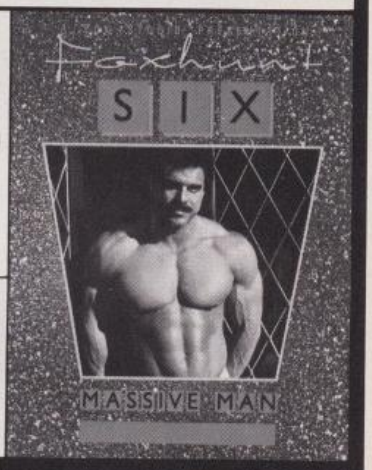
MUST BE OVER 18



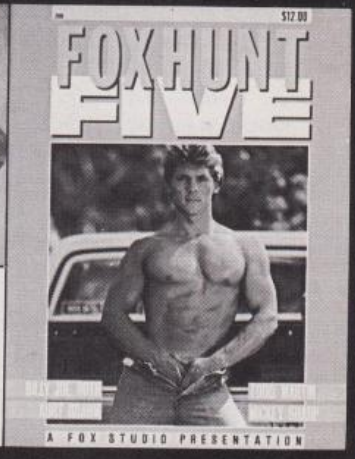
HERE'S THE BEEF!

BIG 48-PAGE MAGAZINES • 32 PAGES COLOR • $12 EACH

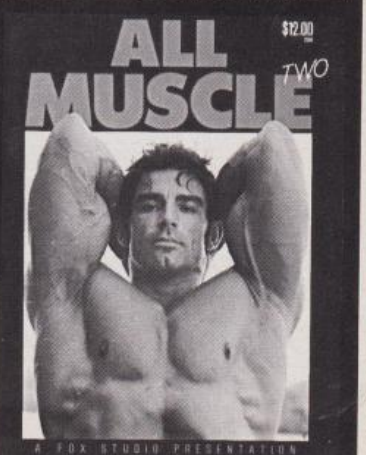
Finally! Here's a roundup of some of the most exciting men ever to strip for the camera. They're muscular...they're masculine...and are they ever HOT! Get 'em now!



FOXHUNT SIX. Superhunk Johnny Titus, Reb Campbell (with bright blue eyes and sunny blond hair), nude backpacker Teddy Garr, and Tony Mykos pack all the beef possible between the covers of this meaty new magazine. **#MS 805. $12.00**



FOXHUNT FIVE. Billy Joe Roth (on the cover), gigantic blond and blue-eyed Kurt Graham, collegiate Todd Martin (that's him at attention) and curly-headed Micky Sharp team-up in this hot new magazine. **#MS 804. $12.00**



ALL MUSCLE TWO. Beefcake and nothing but beefcake. 13 hunks who take their bodies seriously show it all nude. If solid muscles are your thing, this one is definitely for you. Great shots of great-looking hunks. **#MS 803. $12.00**

If hunks like Johnny Titus spark your loins and set your bells ringing, get ready for a 10-alarm fire! You'll be sizzling with a wild case of the "hots" from the first page of FOXHUNT to the last page of ALL MUSCLE!

SAVE $6.00!
ORDER ALL 3 FOR ONLY $10.00 EACH

MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS P.O. BOX 7836-S, VAN NUYS, CA 91409

☐ **Yes!** Please send ☐ FOXHUNT 6 #MS 805 ☐ FOXHUNT 5 #MS 804
☐ FOXHUNT 2 #MS 803

Shipping: $1.50 For One, 50¢ For Each Additional. Calif. Residents Add 6% Sales Tax.

Amount Enclosed _____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Charge ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD. Exp. Date _____

Card Number _____

Signature _____

"I hereby state that I am over 21 years of age and desire to receive sexually oriented material for my own personal use."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send brochures only. I have enclosed $5.

I finally got to do what I do best: fuck ass. I did him several ways: standing up, puppy dog style with both of us kneeling, and then with him flat on his back and his legs on my shoulders.

in and took off my windbreaker."

I saw then that there were dates and locations written in Dr. Woolrich's scrawl on each slide. As I pulled up a chair and started sorting, I saw that they covered a period of at least 30 years. But the strange thing was that they were just scenery. There were no people in any of them. There were ruins and statues, or parts of statues, and broad valleys, but no people.

"Are you going to take pictures of the dildos with these ruins as background?" I asked.

He looked at me for a very long while as if I had suddenly grown two heads, and then he said, "That is a brilliant idea. I had merely been going through these old slides to try to get illustration ideas for a volume I am contemplating. But pictures of the dildos in areas where they were used originally...Fantastic!"

"I have an appointment at the photographer's studio on Saturday to have the animal penises photographed as still life. But now I will call him and discuss the possibility of using the better of these slides on a rear-projection screen with the dildos being demonstrated in the foreground. A magnificent idea!"

I was still thinking about the 18-inch animal prong that I'd unpacked the day before, and wondering if I could accommodate it. I had a drooling erection, and when I looked over at Dr. Woolrich I saw a bulge in his grey flannels that was not caused by a candy bar.

"Would you like me to take care of that for you?" I asked, nodding toward his groin.

Again he didn't say anything. He just sat there looking at me for the longest while. Then he stood up, unzipped and pulled it out. I was really surprised. There was nothing old and tired looking about what he was holding in his hand.

I knelt in front of him and undid his belt so his trousers could slide down to his ankles. I pushed down his boxer shorts so I could get at his balls, which were already pulled up tight against his crotch.

I gave him one of my better blow jobs—starting with sucking his balls and then licking up the sides of his shaft and around the ridge of the head. By the time I took the head in my mouth, he was oozing precum like a mountain spring. There was obviously nothing wrong with his balls. I began sucking in earnest then and he began groaning and sighing as I took in more and more of the hot flesh. Thanks to my friend and his king-sized prick, I can deep throat. The good Doc apparently had not had that done to him before, or certainly not recently, and he began spasming almost as soon as the tip of his prick went past the curve at the back of my throat. He fired a very creditable load and then collapsed back into his seat.

"I have never experienced such ecstasy," he said. "I never even imagined that pleasure could be raised to such levels. I don't know how I will ever be able to repay you. And already I can think of nothing else but doing it again."

"Let me come to the photo session on Saturday," I said. "Maybe something will turn up. As for doing it again..."

"Oh, my God," he said, as I took his flaccid prick, in my mouth. As I expected, it didn't stay limp long. Very quickly he started erupting again down my throat. I had tried to work a finger up his ass while sucking him off, but it was immediately apparent that he didn't get fucked. About all I could do was massage his prostate, which seemed very large, as I helped along his orgasm.

On Saturday morning, I got to the photographer's studio downtown at eight a.m., which is when, I had been told, the place opened. There was a young guy behind the counter whom I'd seen around the T-rooms and he seemed to recognize me too. He opened a door behind the counter, and I went down a stairway leading to a studio in the basement. Dr. Woolrich was already there along with another old guy who was obviously the owner of the shop.

I had worn tight jeans with no underwear and my prick was already half hard. I figured I might as well advertise my availability. Both Dr. Woolrich and the photographer, Jurgen Vasse, noticed; but neither said anything. I helped them get things set up and it soon became apparent that my job was going to be changing slides in the rear projection unit that, in effect, set the stage.

The photographer was obviously as turned on by the dildos as I was, but he was also concerned about his business. I gather he expected to use the kid upstairs as the model, but when he saw how many different dildos there were, he was alarmed. It would mean he'd have to close the shop completely and Saturday was one of his busiest days.

"I could try modeling," I said, "though I've never done it before."

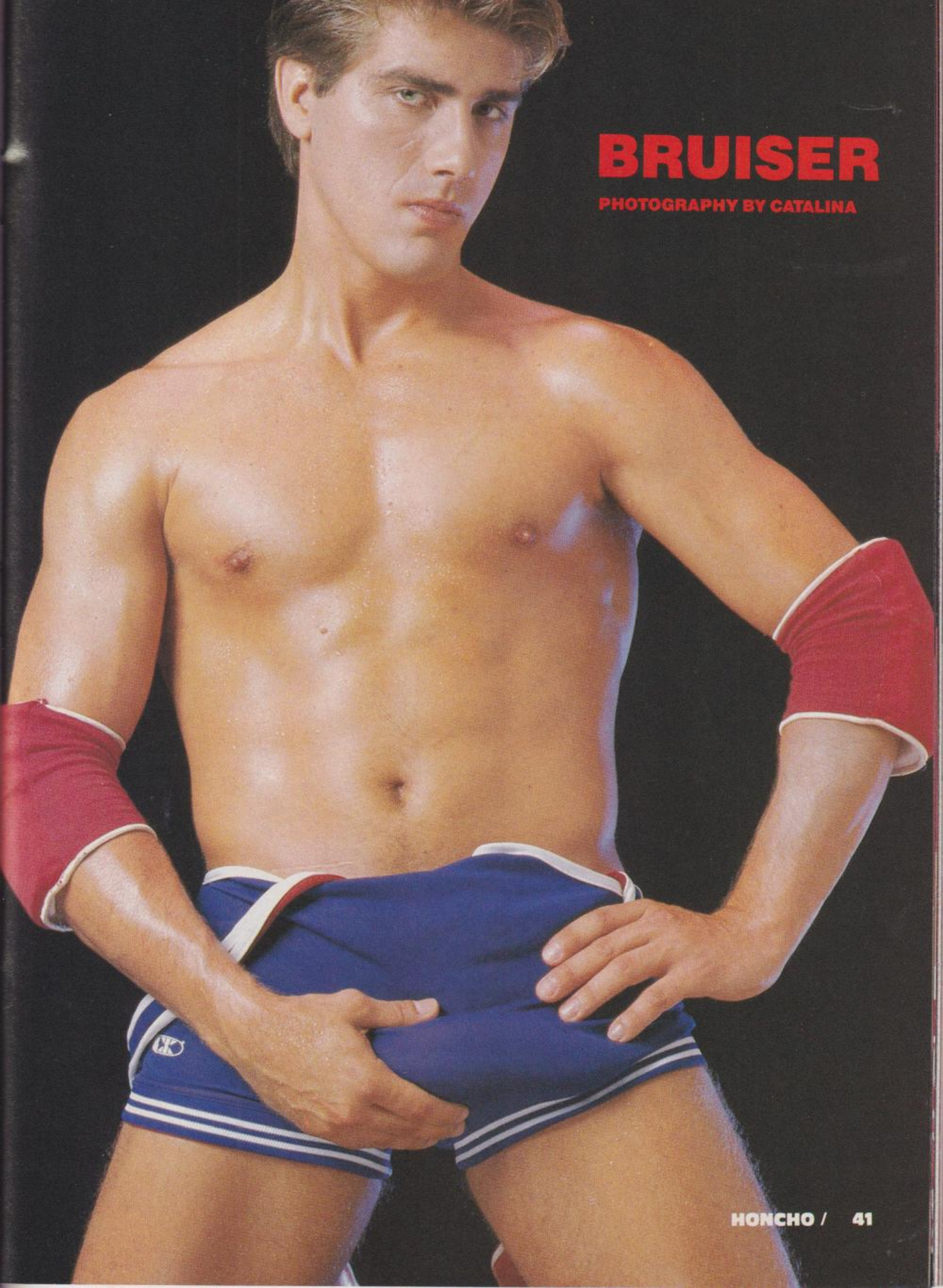
"I was hoping you'd say that," Dr. Woolrich said. "I never saw a more ideal Greek figure. The young man upstairs is Italian." "You know what's involved?" the photographer asked. "I've got a pretty good idea," I said. "I'd appreciate it, however, if my face wasn't too recognizable."

"Gotcha," he said. "You can put your clothes on the chair at the back. We ain't got a dressing room down here, but Teddy won't let anyone intrude on us."

"It won't do," Dr. Woolrich said, as I turned to face them with a half hard dick. "The Spartans did not have white stripes around their midsections produced by bikini bathing trunks. We will have to try to darken your skin in that area."

He dug into a big suitcase in

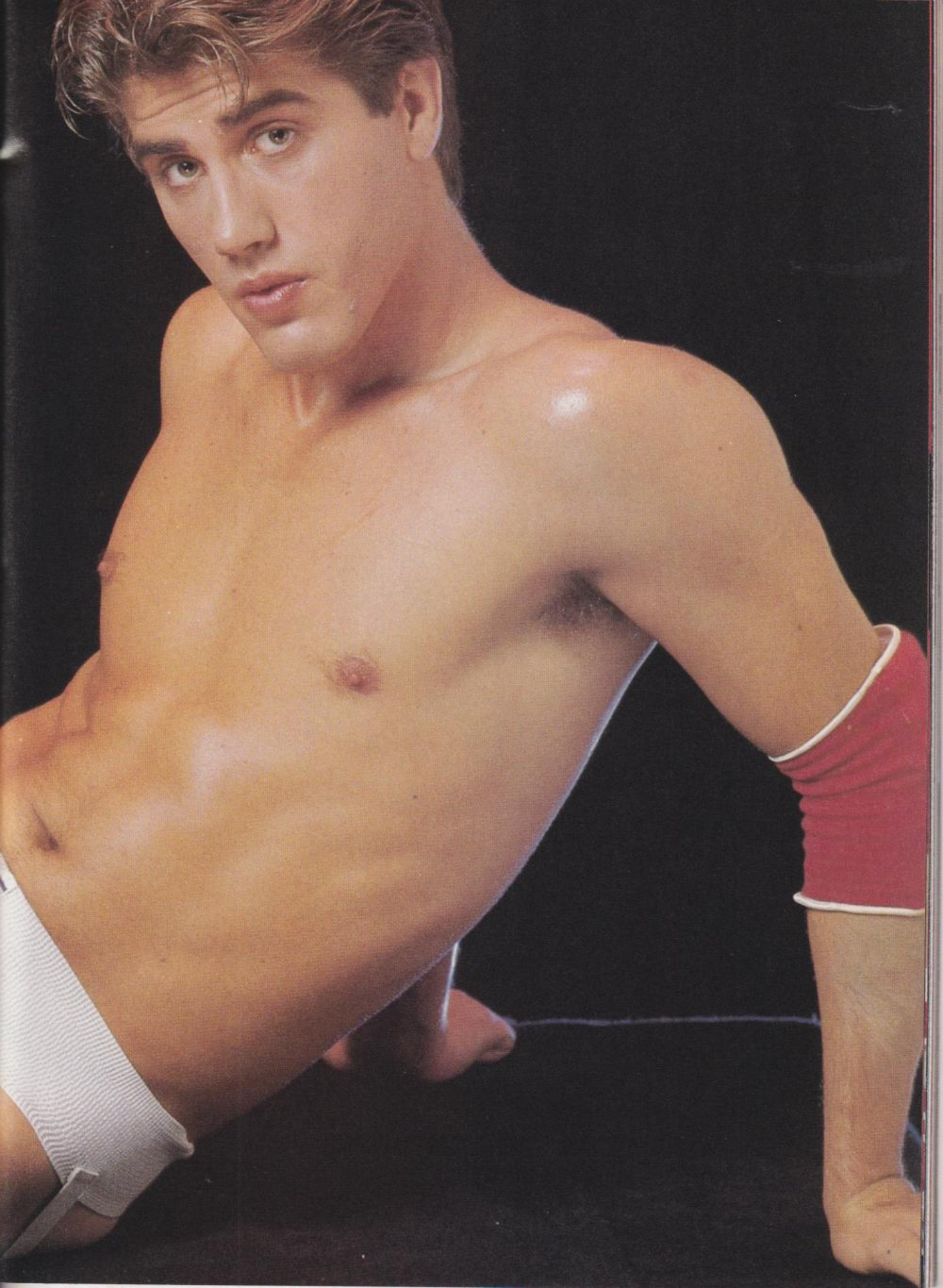
CONTINUED TO PAGE 76

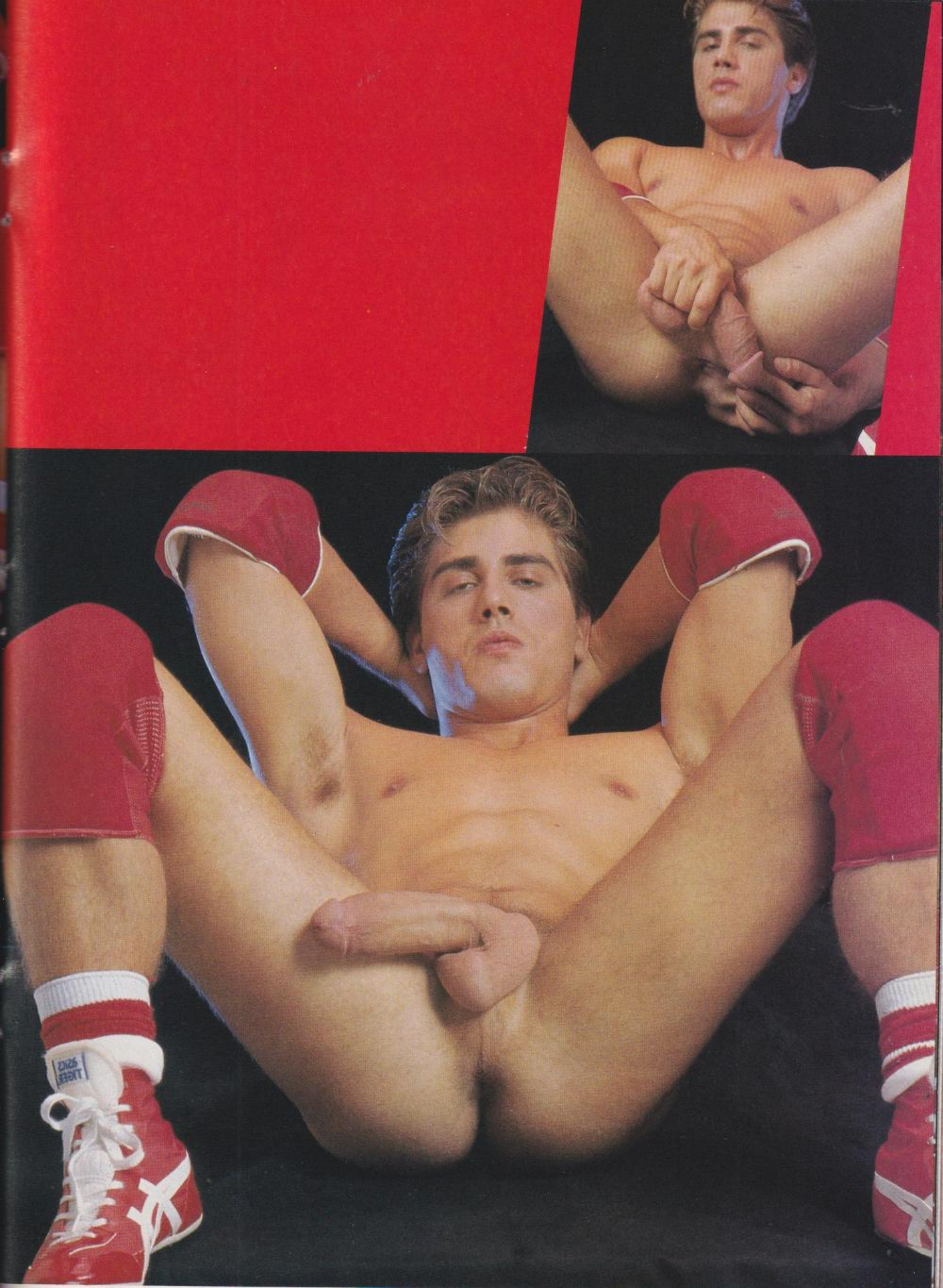


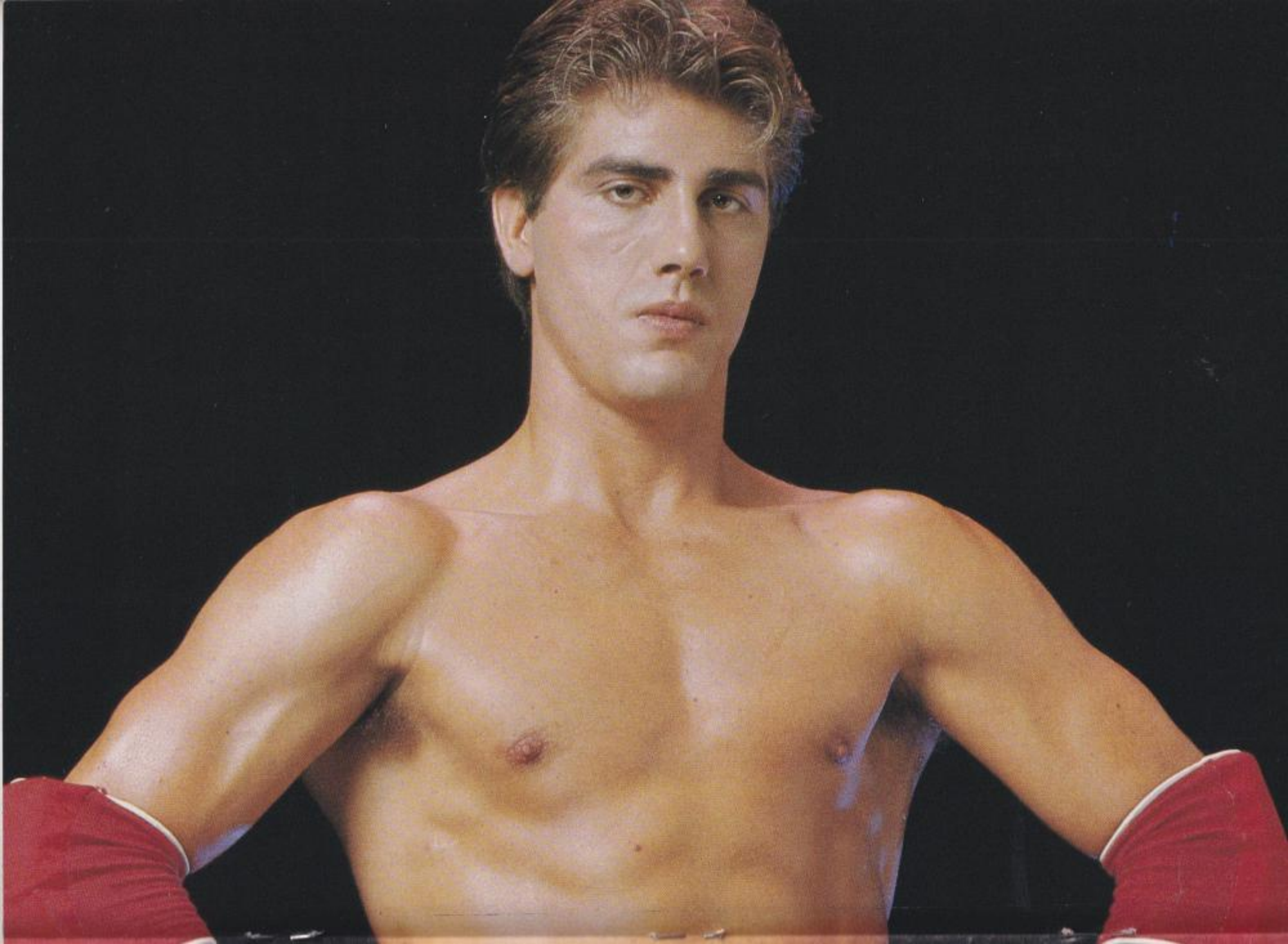
BRUISER

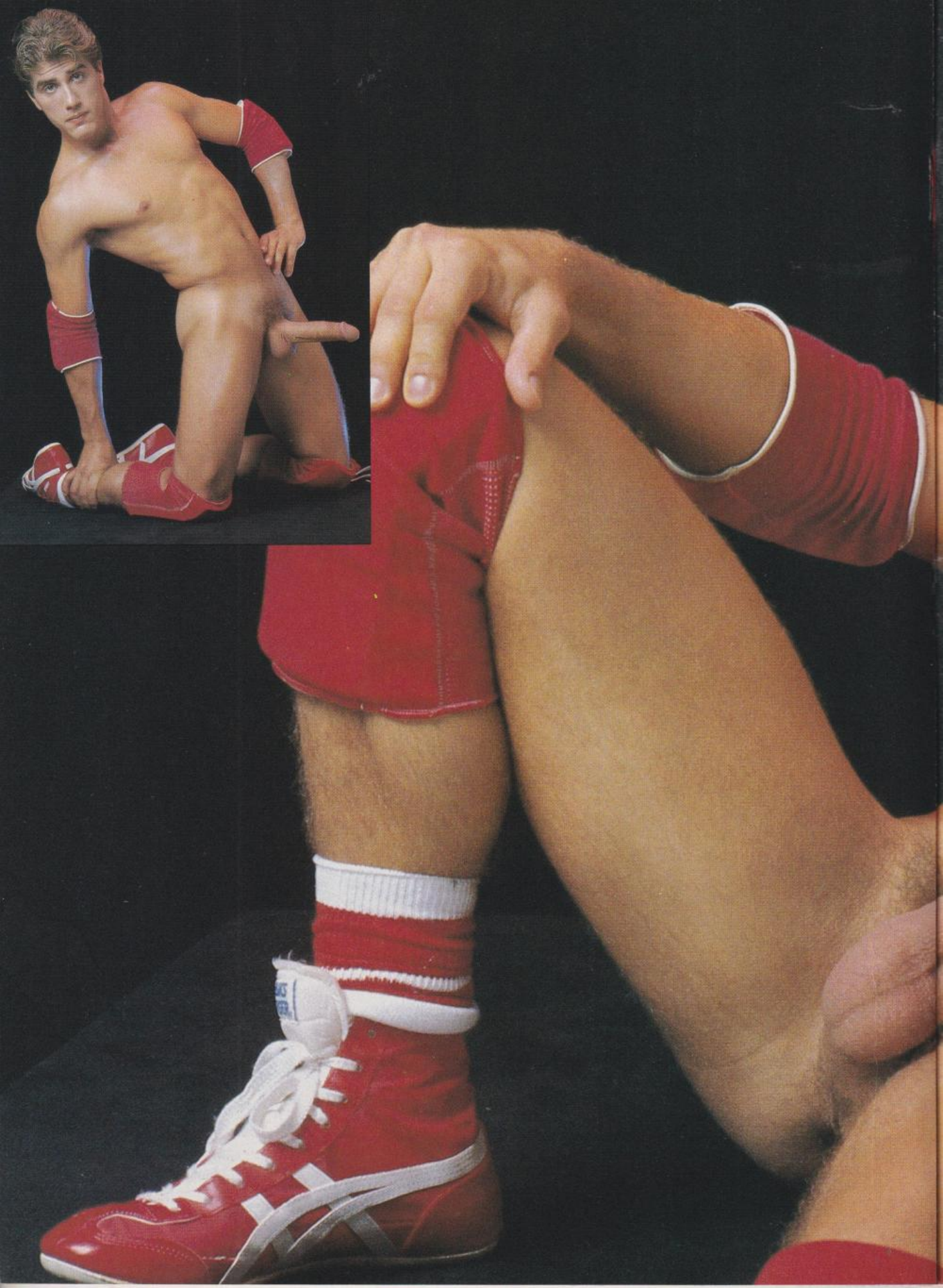
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CATALINA

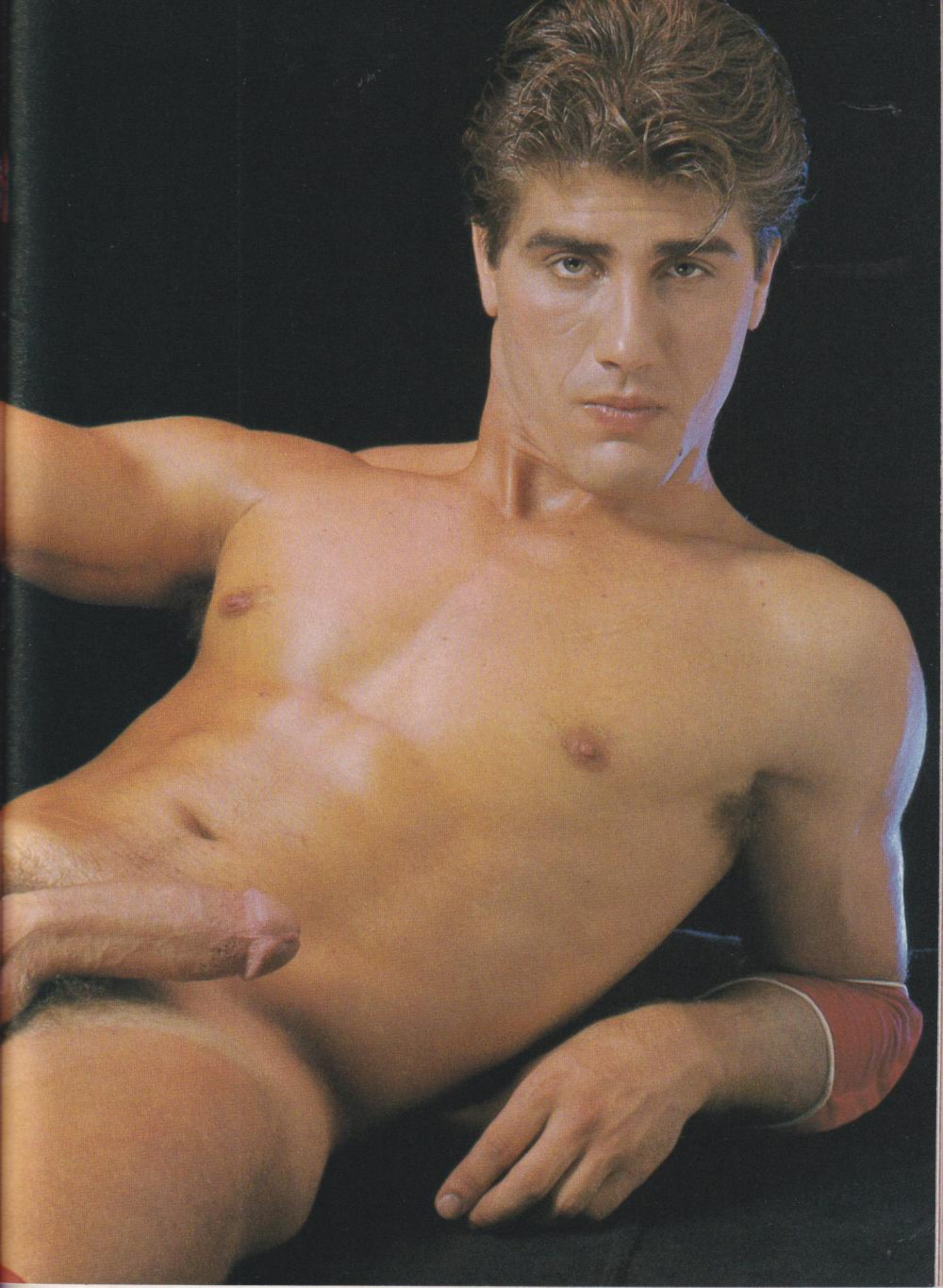
JOCK

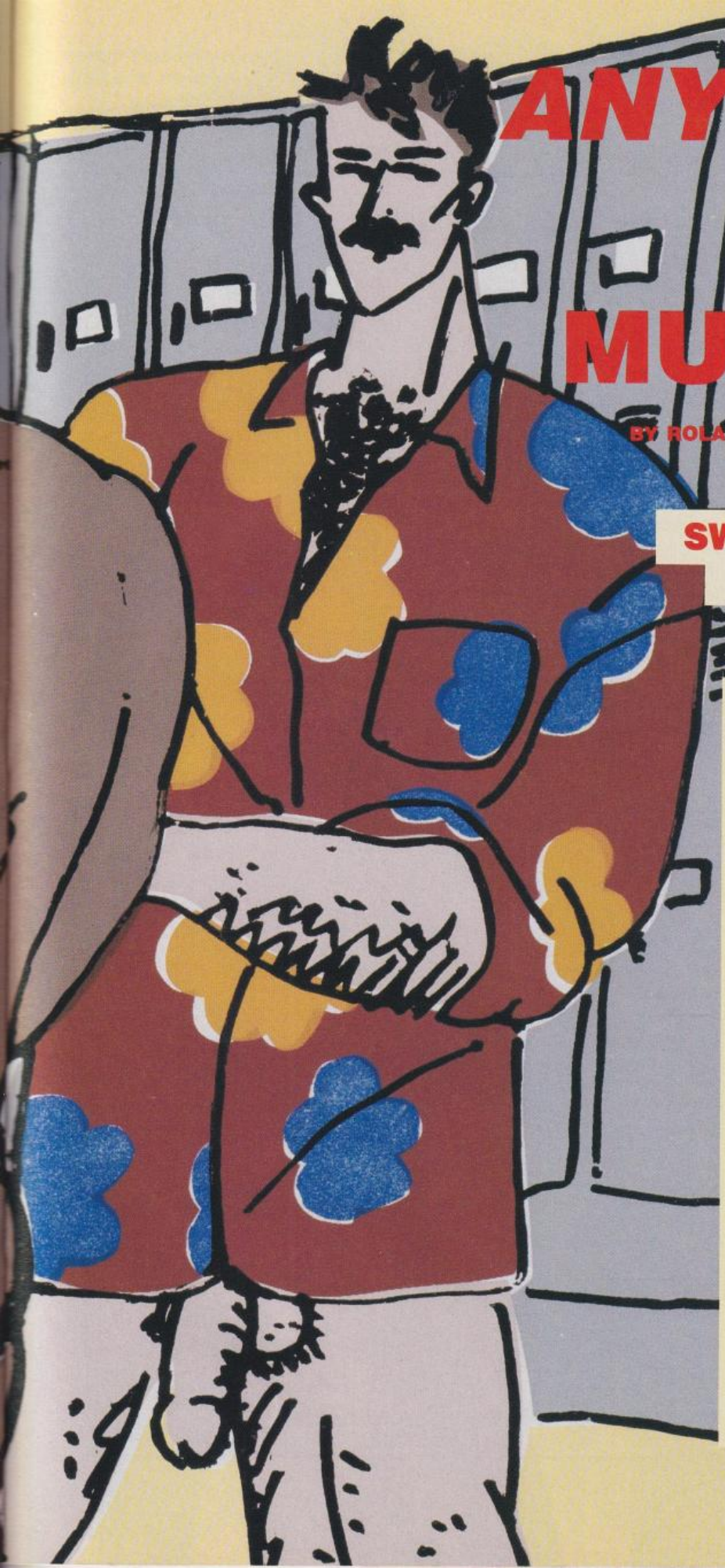












ANYTHING FOR MUSCLES

BY ROLAND GRAEME • ART BY SAKIMOTO

HARD, SWEATY WORKOUTS AND HEAVY-DUTY JERK-OFFS!

By the time he completed his workout, Will was literally dripping with his own hot, salty sweat. He had only to glance down at himself as he panted for breath to refill his burning lungs, to confirm the fact. His sweatpants were sodden, plastered against his thighs and his ass cheeks, soaked through with perspiration. Even his wide, thick leather lifting belt had absorbed dark patches of moisture at its top and bottom edges, where the leather pressed against his gym clothes. Will's tank top was so sweaty that, when he pulled the garment away from his belly and squeezed the material inside his calloused fist, water dripped out of it onto the rubber mat that covered part of the gym floor.

"Damn," Will muttered under his breath, as he looked around for the towel he'd brought to the weight area with him. "I'm getting too old for this!"

But, even as he said it, he grinned, the grin creasing the layer of sweat on his flushed and reddened face. Thirty-eight wasn't exactly old, and Will knew that he was in great shape for that, or indeed for any, age. As usual, his workout had gone well this evening. When

Randy hugged Will tightly back against his chest, so that his stiff prick rode between the clenched cheeks of Will's ass, practically fucking back and forth within the deep, hairy groove between the other guy's oiled and slippery buttocks.

he'd first arrived at the gym, after a rough day at the office, Will had felt tired, irritable, even rather depressed. But the moment he started hitting the weights, his mood had lightened—almost in inverse proportion to the amount of iron he pumped. He knew what he was doing: just how hard to push himself, when to back off, how to pace himself during his workout.

As he retrieved his towel, which was already as limp as a wrung-out dishrag from all the sweat it had previously mopped off, Will looked around the gym, at the other guys who were working out.

Two young numbers, who were barely out of their teens but who already displayed bulky arm and leg muscles, were putting on quite a performance, grunting and huffing as they struggled with weights that, Will noticed at once, were really too heavy for them. He was half-tempted to go over and offer them some advice, but he thought better of it. They were both arrogant young bastards, who probably wouldn't appreciate an old-timer such as himself butting in on their act; they might even assume he was trying to put the make on them, since a lot of discreet cruising *did* go on at this gym.

Anyway, Will was in no position to criticize the two young studs. Ten years ago, he'd been just like them—always showing off, flaunting his body in and out of the gym, tricking with every muscle queen who got off on the sight of a well-flexed quadriceps.

On his way to the locker room, he almost bumped into a guy who was bounding up the staircase: this number had evidentally just arrived at the gym, changed into his workout gear, and was eager to hit the iron. He was quite massively muscled, and once Will got a good look at him, he rather wished they *had* collided. But the guy was so well proportioned that he didn't look grotesque, or even particularly bulky. He was running up the stairs with a natural athlete's buoyancy of step, too.

He paused to grin apologetically at Will, flashing white teeth. "Sorry."

"My fault. I wasn't looking," Will admitted.

"Hey, man, you look like you've been working up a real good sweat," the other guy said admiringly. He was close enough to Will to *smell* his sweat, in fact, but he apparently didn't seem to mind.

It was his voice rather than his face that suddenly jogged Will's memory.

"Don't we know each other from

IF YOU ARE SERIOUS ABOUT COCK ENLARGEMENT

THE BEST GOT EVEN BETTER!

FINALLY, A SYSTEM THAT WORKS FOR ENLARGING YOUR COCK, BALLS AND NIPPLES

DETAILED 25 PAGE BROCHURE ONLY
$8.95
(REFUNDABLE IF UNIT IS PURCHASED)
$15.00 FOR BROCHURE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES

ORDER YOUR BROCHURE TODAY, BY VISA OR MASTER CARD, CALL (314) 727-1654
OR WRITE: BCR SYSTEMS 512 South Hanley Rd., Suite 2 St. Louis, Mo. 63105 DEPT. H

HEY DUDES! THE NATIONAL GAY PARTY LINE

1-800-777-DUDE

• HOT 1 ON 1 TALK • JOIN THE PARTY LINE • MAKE FRIENDS • PERSONAL MESSAGE CENTER •

LOW COST BILLED TO YOUR CREDIT CARD

VISA/MASTERCARD ONLY

U.S., VIRGIN ISLANDS, PUERTO RICO.

.95¢ PER MINUTE FROM YOUR TOUCHTONE PHONE. 18+ ONLY

DISCREETLY BILLED AS SYSTEM 800-INTERNATIONAL

HAVE IT ALL!

ONLY 95¢ PER MINUTE

OUTRAGEOUS NATIONWIDE BULLETIN BOARD
Leave messages or listen to messages left by other men from all across the country!

CONFERENCE
With up to eight hot guys!

ONE ON ONE
Private conversations with MANSCAN!

VIDEOPHONE
Information!

THE BACKROOM
Privately coded connections!

All accessible from any touch-tone phone in the 50 states, the U.S. Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico

HAVE YOUR VISA OR MASTERCARD READY

STAY ON AS LONG AS YOU WANT UP TO ONE HALF HOUR

ALL WITH ONE CALL...

BILLED DISCREETLY TO YOUR VISA OR MASTERCARD AS "SYSTEM 800 INTERNATIONAL"

1-800-777-MEET

1-800-777-6338

somewhere—?" Will asked hesitantly.

"*Yeah*, from some other gym...years ago?"

"Madison's," Will remembered in a flash.

"That's right, on the West Coast."

"Years ago."

"Tell me about it!" the other body builder laughed. "When did you move out here?" he asked.

"*Years* ago," Will repeated, echoing the other guy's laughter. "I remember your name now. You're Randy—"

"And you're Will-who-doesn't-like-to-be-called-William or Bill. I remember. God, you look great, man." Randy gave Will a resounding slap on his bare shoulder muscle, sending drops of sweat flying in all directions. "I'm glad you've stayed with the weight training."

"You're not doing so bad yourself," Will had to admit, eyeing the other man's physique.

"Thanks. Listen, I'd like to stick around and talk, but I really do want to hit the weights. I'll catch you later, Will."

"Sure."

Downstairs, Will stripped, threw his disgustingly wet and funky gym clothes in a heap in the bottom of his locker, and went into the steam room. He stretched out nude on one of the benches, closed his eyes, and let the hot, wet fog envelop his body and soothe his muscles, which already ached after their recent ordeal.

It was a real shock to run into Randy again after so many years...although it was good to see the guy in such fantastic shape. He looked younger than Will did, Will admitted grudgingly, although Randy was in fact a couple of years older. Randy was perhaps a little more muscular than he was, but then that had always been the case. Will wondered if he was still taking steroids. He didn't look like it: Randy's eyes were clear, his skin flawless. His massiveness looked natural, the product of one hell of a lot of hard work.

They'd met in a gym, of course—Madison's gym, a grimy, unprettified, grunt-and-sweat place where serious young bodybuilders trained. Will and Randy had definitely been the two best-built guys who used the gym at the time. They were attracted to each other, and soon were engaged in a friendly rivalry, to determine who could lift more, who could train longer and harder, who could get the quickest results. And—since both young studs were openly and unashamedly gay—who could land the most tricks! Will had Randy beat in that department, at least. Back in those days, he'd been a real whore, except that he liked sex too much to ever charge for it. He seemed to spend all of his time either working out at the gym, or fucking, with no time left for anything else!

Will also knew that Randy took steroids then, because he openly popped the pills in the locker room.

"Want some?" Randy had asked him matter-of-factly one day, when he noticed Will watching him at the water fountain. He held out the little plastic pill vial to Will, who hesitated before taking it. He swallowed one pill.

"I can't pay you for it," Will said sheepishly. "I've only got a part-time job, and—"

"That's okay," Randy told him. "I get all I want, for free."

This startled Will, who knew damned well how expensive maintaining a steroid cycle can be.

He asked Randy about it as they showered together, and Randy was blunt. He knew a gay doctor who let him have enough steroids for his own needs, and then some, in exchange for sex twice a week.

"*If* you can call it sex," Randy said enigmatically. "I mean, I really don't have to *do* anything—you know?" Will didn't know; in fact, he wasn't so sure he knew at all what Randy was talking about, but he let the other young weightlifter ramble on. "I'm not a hustler," Randy insisted. "Believe me, I've had plenty of offers...this guy is just helping me out. So I try to help him out." He looked at Will, hard. "Hey, if you're interested—I could introduce you to him. You're just his type."

This seemed awfully generous of Randy, and Will asked him the obvious question. Randy laughed.

"You wouldn't be in my way at all," he assured Will. "This guy's

kind of shy, and if he really likes you, he can't do enough for you. Why don't I give him a call?"

Will didn't want to prostitute himself, but he desperately wanted to get bigger, so he figured he needed the steroids. He let Randy talk him into it. Randy called his physician friend, who promptly invited both young men out to his house for dinner the following evening.

Randy picked Will up and drove him there. Will was flabbergasted to see that the doctor lived in a veritable mansion, with an indoor swimming pool under a glass roof, surrounded by tropical plants. The doctor himself was a pleasant, soft-spoken guy in his thirties, not at all the sex-crazed creep Will had anticipated. The doctor insisted that Will call him Michael, and he acted as though he and Will were old friends, quickly putting the nervous bodybuilder at his ease.

The three of them sat down to dinner, which was served by a suspiciously handsome manservant and which consisted of two-inch-thick steaks.

"I'm sure you can cheat on your diets for one night," Michael said, in his low, almost indifferent voice. "Anyway, there's plenty of protein in those steaks."

Will felt so relaxed that he cheated on his diet to the extent of drinking the wine Michael offered him; unused to liquor, he got slightly drunk by the time they'd finished their coffee and dessert.

"Why don't you show Will the pool, Randy?" Michael suggested, while the manservant silently cleared the table. "I'm going to have some more coffee, and—relax."

Randy took Will past the pool, which was lit by candles set under the many thick-leaved plants, and into a tent-like structure that was obviously used for changing into swimsuits, several of which hung on hooks nearby.

"Do what I do," Randy urged Will, as he began to strip. Will undressed, too. When he was naked, he reached for a pair of trunks that looked about his size, but Randy stopped him. "Don't bother," Randy said cynically.

Will had no qualms about taking a swim in the nude, but he was mildly startled when the manservant appeared, offering Randy a bottle of baby oil.

"Shall I help you with your backs, gentlemen?" the manservant almost purred, as Randy took the bottle from him.

"Yeah, thanks, Etienne." Nude, Randy unselfconsciously began to oil himself up, as though he were getting ready for a bodybuilding competition.

"He wants us to pose for him?" Will guessed.

"Sort of. You can get into it, can't you?"

"Sure." Will let Randy and Etienne grease him up, from head to foot; Randy quite matter-of-factly took Will's soft cock in his slippery hand and stroked it, coating it with the oil as it hardened in his grip.

"Get it hard," Randy coached, playing with himself while Etienne watched their obscene display impassively. Etienne was as good as his word: he oiled their backs and other other hard-to-reach places on their naked bodies, as efficiently and impersonally as if he were preparing a couple of Cornish game hens for roasting for his master's dinner.

"Tell Michael we're ready," Randy said. Etienne left the cabana. "Come on, Will. Try to keep it hard. Go ahead and play with yourself if you have to. It's all part of the game plan. Just do what I do," he repeated, as he led Will toward the pool, which gleamed in the soft yellow candlelight like a lake set in the middle of a lush oasis.

Will had been gay too long and had spent too many hours in locker rooms to feel bashful about his nudity, or even embarrassed by the fact that he was walking about with a hard-on, and an oiled one at that. He saw that Michael was seated in an armchair, a few yards back from the edge of the pool, fully dressed, helping himself to another cup of coffee from a pot set on a small table at his elbow. Etienne was hovering about discreetly in the background, waiting for any further instructions. The manservant barely glanced at the two naked, aroused young bodybuilders, whose flesh gleamed like polished ivory in the candlelight, although Michael seemed more interested as he sat up in his chair with a slight smile.

"How nice you both look," he said quietly. *Nice* hardly seemed like the word for it, Will thought; but he allowed Randy to position him directly between Michael's chair and the pool. Randy stood a step behind Will, and to one side, giving their host a chance to appraise Will's physique and compare it to his own.

"I told you Will was built. And hung," Randy said, rather smugly. He began to pose and flex for Michael's benefit, in a way that was almost too innocent to be truly narcissistic. He obviously took a great deal of pleasure in his own body, and was getting off on displaying its considerable attractions.

Within a very few minutes, Randy was sweating heavily under the layer of baby oil on his skin, from the effort of tensing his muscles, so that rivulets of mingled oil and sweat ran down his chest and belly and thighs, and began to drip like a fine rain onto the floor around his feet.

Michael watched Randy almost casually, a slight smile on his lips as he slowly drank his coffee. He didn't even seem to have a hard-on, Will noticed!

"Come on, Will," Randy urged the other naked stud with a deep, rasping intake of breath. "Show Michael your muscles. *All* of them, man. Especially that big thick 'love muscle' you've got sticking up from between your legs!"

Will began to get into it, too, grinning sheepishly as he did his best to imitate the professional bodybuilders he'd seen—and lusted after—at physique contests.

He *did* have a hard-on, and, after another few minutes of posing, Randy pushed him a step further. Breathing hard, he stepped up behind Will and embraced him with both brawny arms. He hugged Will tightly back against his chest, so that his stiff prick rode between the clenched cheeks of Will's ass, practically fucking back and forth within the deep, hairy groove between the other guy's oiled and slippery buttocks.

Will moaned. He moaned again, louder, with undisguised pleasure, when Randy's left hand strayed across his pecs, teasing his nipples into erection with a poking finger-

tip. With his right fist, Randy grasped Will's cock and began to manipulate it. His movements were slow and voluptuous, and his oily hand felt incredibly good stroking Will's raging erection from base to tip, caressing his balls as well, lifting his genitals away from his torso and holding them out toward Michael like an obscene offering.

"Come for him," Randy whispered into Will's ear, before his teeth closed around Will's earlobe and bit it gently. Will grunted, but more in pleasure than in pain. The nip on his ear seemed to send a corresponding throb of extra excitement coursing through his dick, through his sphincter muscle, which was compressed tightly against the greased barrel of Randy's steadily rubbing cockshaft. And, when Randy began to pinch his tits, hard, moving his hand back and forth between Will's sweaty pecs to torment both nipples, Will knew that, drunk as he was, he wasn't going to have any difficulty at all in ejaculating. All over the fucking place!

"Oh, hell, I'm going to come," he blurted out, squeezing his eyes tightly shut. "I'm going to shoot!"

"Let 'er rip, buddy," Randy urged him heatedly. "Let your stud jism fly right out of your big prick!"

"Yes, please do shoot," Michael added, with a politeness that was downright surreal, given the circumstances. "Don't worry about where it lands," he laughed. "That whole area around the pool must be soaked in sperm by now!"

The thought that other bodybuilders had been there, had taken off all their clothes and greased themselves, had stood where Will and Randy were standing now and shot their loads off into the marble tiles surrounding the pool, pushed Will over the edge into orgasm. He came, hard and hot and wet, his body buckling over, his ass cheeks thrusting back against Randy's groin, his cock spraying a thick, slimy white jet of fluid in a glistening arc. His semen splattered generously over the tiles, and Randy, still hugging him from behind, manipulated his dick and his tits until he was sure that Will's balls were completely drained.

"Oh, God," Will moaned as he shot again and again. "God!"

"You sure came a lot," Randy said admiringly.

Will heard the clatter of china against china. He slumped out of Randy's embrace, onto his knees on the hard marble at Randy's feet. He opened dazed eyes, and saw that Etienne was pouring Michael a cup of coffee, with none too stady a hand. The manservant was breathing hard, obviously excited by what he saw. Michael, of course, looked as cool and detached as ever. He smiled at Will.

"That was delightful," he said. "But now it's Randy's turn." He drank. "You're going to come, too, aren't you, Randy?"

"Hell, yes!" Randy gasped. "Come on, Will. Help me out."

Bestriding Will's kneeling body like a Colossus of Rhodes, his legs spread wide, Randy shoved his horny prick over Will's bare shoulder and began to beat off, his huge arm muscles knotted up as his fist and forearm pumped away frantically on his cock. Will twisted his head toward the erection, stuck out his tongue, and began to lick Randy's hairy, oily balls. Still excited in the aftermath of his orgasm, he didn't mind the taste, and he swabbed Randy's testicles eagerly, also licking his cockshaft and the knuckles of the hand he was masturbating with.

Staring down at Will, Randy came quickly, blasting his sperm onto the tiles, where it formed a second series of gooey white puddles a few feet from where Will's load still gleamed wetly as it dissolved on top of the marble.

They all caught their breath, and then Randy, laughing boyishly, pulled Will into the pool with him. They swam, splashing each other, and when they climbed out again, Will noticed that Etienne had given the tiles a quick, discreet swab with a sponge.

The two weightlifters showered and got dressed again, rejoining Michael for a final round of drinks. When they left the house, Will was clutching his own little plastic bottle, containing a week's supply of steroids. Michael had simply handed the vial to him when—without audible irony—he'd thanked him "for coming," as though the steroids were a party favor.

When they were alone in the car, Randy grinned at Will knowingly. "I told you Michael was all right," he said. "I'd do a lot worse things to keep supplied," he candidly admitted.

Will began to visit Michael regularly, once a week. Sometimes he went to the house alone; usually, though, he and Randy went together, in order to perform as a duo for their generous host.

The steroids increased his sex drive, and he found himself gaining muscle almost visibly between workouts. The drugs had a few less desirable side effects, of course. Will got moody and irritable when he was between cycles, and he developed a light but disturbing case of gynecomnastia—"bitch tits," as they were know in

NEW! Flexible Vibrating

JACK OFF MACHINE

"Custom" Flexible

19.95

This incredible NEW machine is one of the best masturbators we have cum across. It sucks, throbs, & pulses your cock! Nothing's better than a cum with our new Jack Off Machine!

• WASHABLE AND REUSABLE

• NIGHT AFTER NIGHT OF SATISFACTION

PLEASE ADD $2.00 FOR POSTAGE & HANDLING.

ERO - MAC

• BOX 8476 • DEPT. HO16

• Universal City, Ca. 91608

bodybuilding circles. The flesh of his pecs around his nipples swelled slightly, until they resembled the teats of some milk-bearing animal! Fortunately, the swelling went away once Will at last stopped taking the steroids—leaving him with an impressive pair of pecs indeed, and a set of extra-sensitive nipples.

After he moved from the West Coast and found a "real," full-time job, Will stoped taking steroids completely. He still liked to work out, but it was no longer the most important thing in his life.

He suspected—and hoped—that Randy had gone through a similar adjustment in values and priorities. He looked clean, anyway.

Will lingered so long in the steam room that when he hit the showers, Randy, having finished his workout, was in the locker room stripping out of his sweaty gym clothes, baring the magnificent body that Will remembered so well. If anything, it had improved with age.

"I'm glad you didn't leave yet, Randy said frankly, as they stood under adjacent showers and began to soap themselves vigorously. "We...have some catching up to do."

"I'll say." Will couldn't help glancing down at the other guy's fat cock, which—he could have sworn—twitched as though it was well aware it was the object of admiration.

Randy lowered his voice so the other men in the shower area couldn't hear: "I was thinking...back in the old days...we never really did sleep together, you know. I mean actually *sleep together*, and...you know."

"I know." Will certainly did know! What he and Randy had done for Michael's benefit scarcely qualified as sex, by Will's standards. God, they'd been so naive!

"I was thinking...it might be nice to start making up for all that lost time. It was all I could think about during my workout tonight, as a matter of fact. Your big, hard cock in my hand, jerking so hard while it shot off...damn, it got me excited, just remembering all that!"

"Me, too," Will admitted. "Maybe we could go to my place, after we're dressed," he suggested. Randy flashed him a warm, seductive grin that made Will's own prick leap and twitch in anticipation. "You've got to promise me one thing, though, Randy."

"Yeah? What's that?"

"Not to drink coffee while we're doing it!"

Randy laughed. "I promise. I don't put anything in my body that isn't one hundred per cent natural any more. Not caffeine, not steroids...nothing."

"Oh? What about this?" As he spoke, Will casually hefted his cock in his palm and stroked it into a semi-erection, while pretending to scrub it with a handful of soapsuds.

"I don't know, man. Is that natural?" Randy demanded facetiously, staring at the fleshy meat Will was flaunting in front of him.

Now it was Will's turn to grin. "One hundred per cent."■

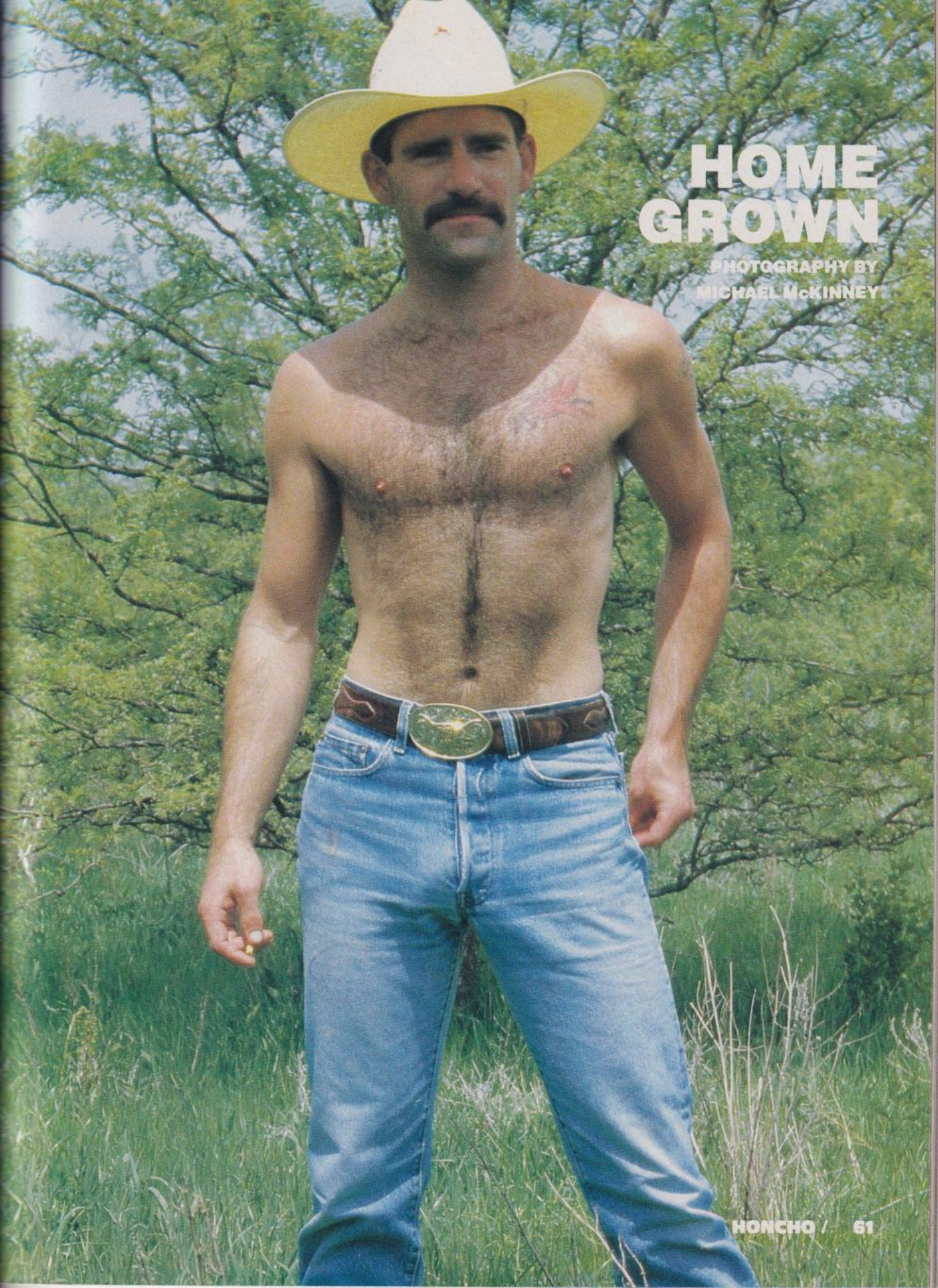
The best hot, live ACTION!
Just you and him, over the phone
RATES AS LOW AS $19.95
ALL SCENES • TOLL-FREE CALL-BACKS
1-800 441-LUST
ASK FOR OPERATOR #200
VISA • MASTERCARD • AMEX

HI-TECH ENLARGER
THE ULTIMATE SENSUOUS SEX DEVICE

Experience safe sex at its hottest. Comfortable, effective, industrial grade components. For illustrated ordering information, send $1 and SASE to:
VACU-TECH
2440 SIXTEENTH STREET, SUITE 153
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103
AGE & SIGNATURE REQUIRED

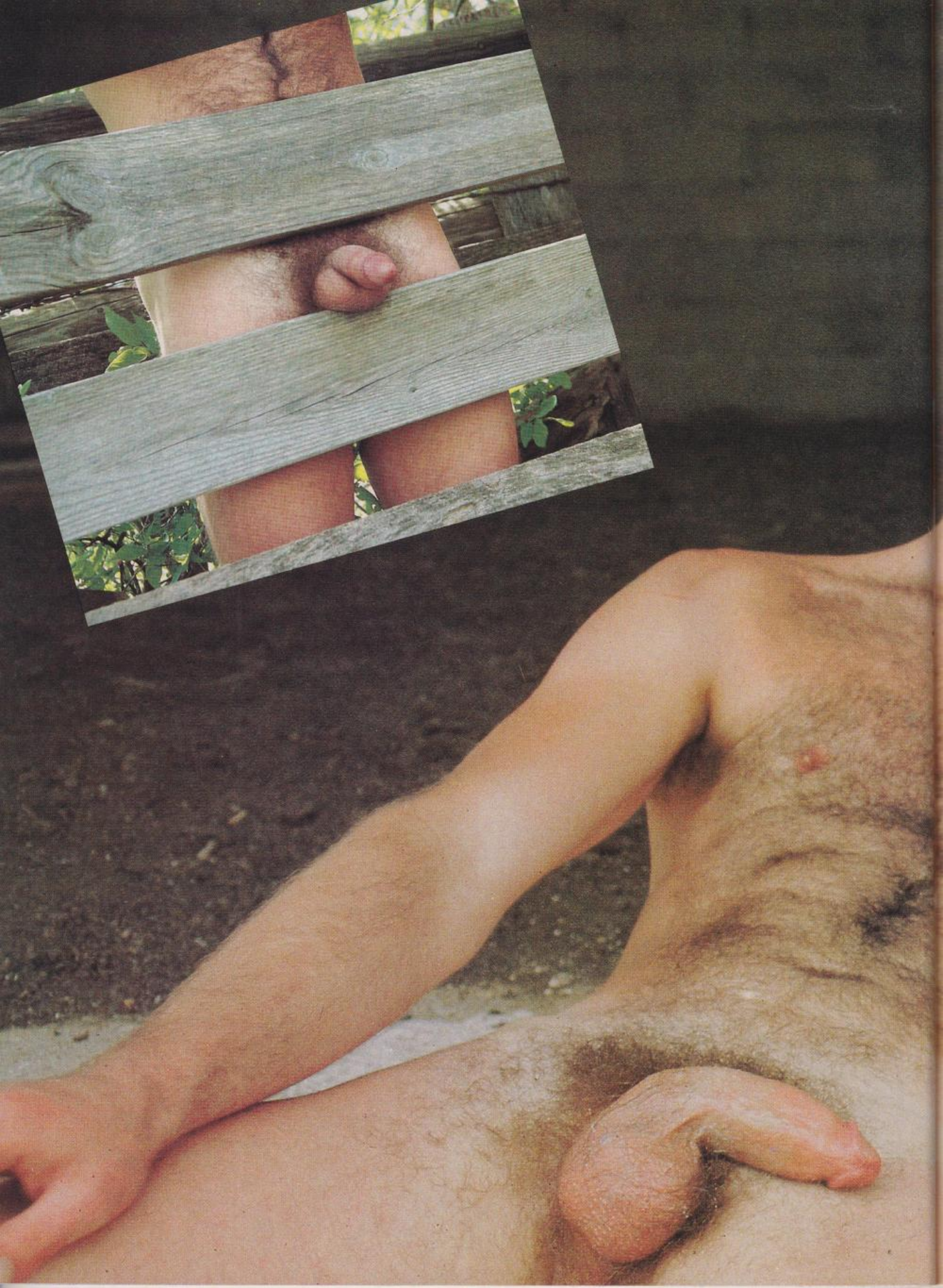
Knight line
24-Hour Live Phone Fantasies
1-213-651-5055

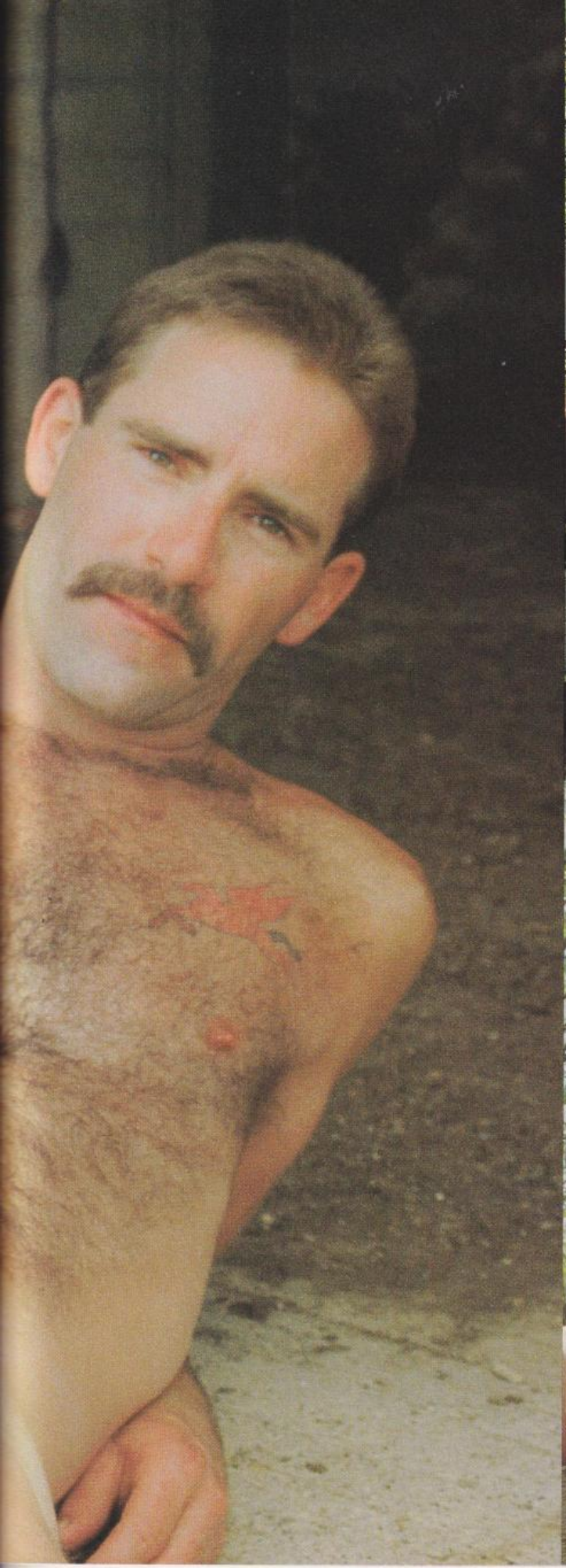
Photos and Videos Available
GREAT RATES!
Major Credit Cards
You Must Be Over 18

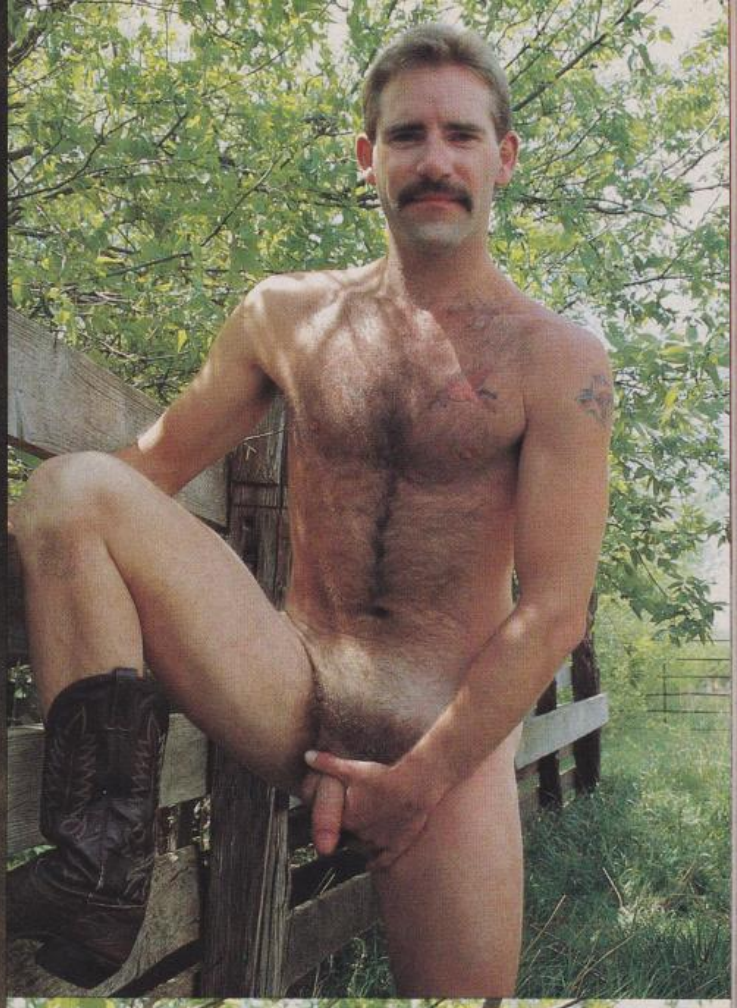


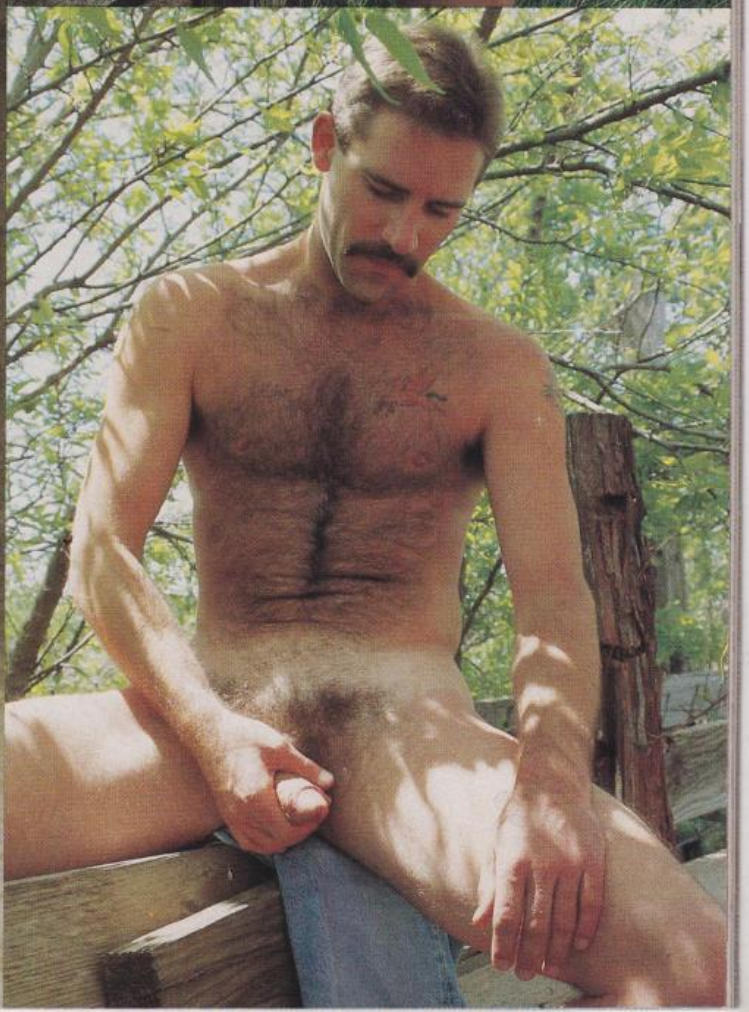
HOME GROWN

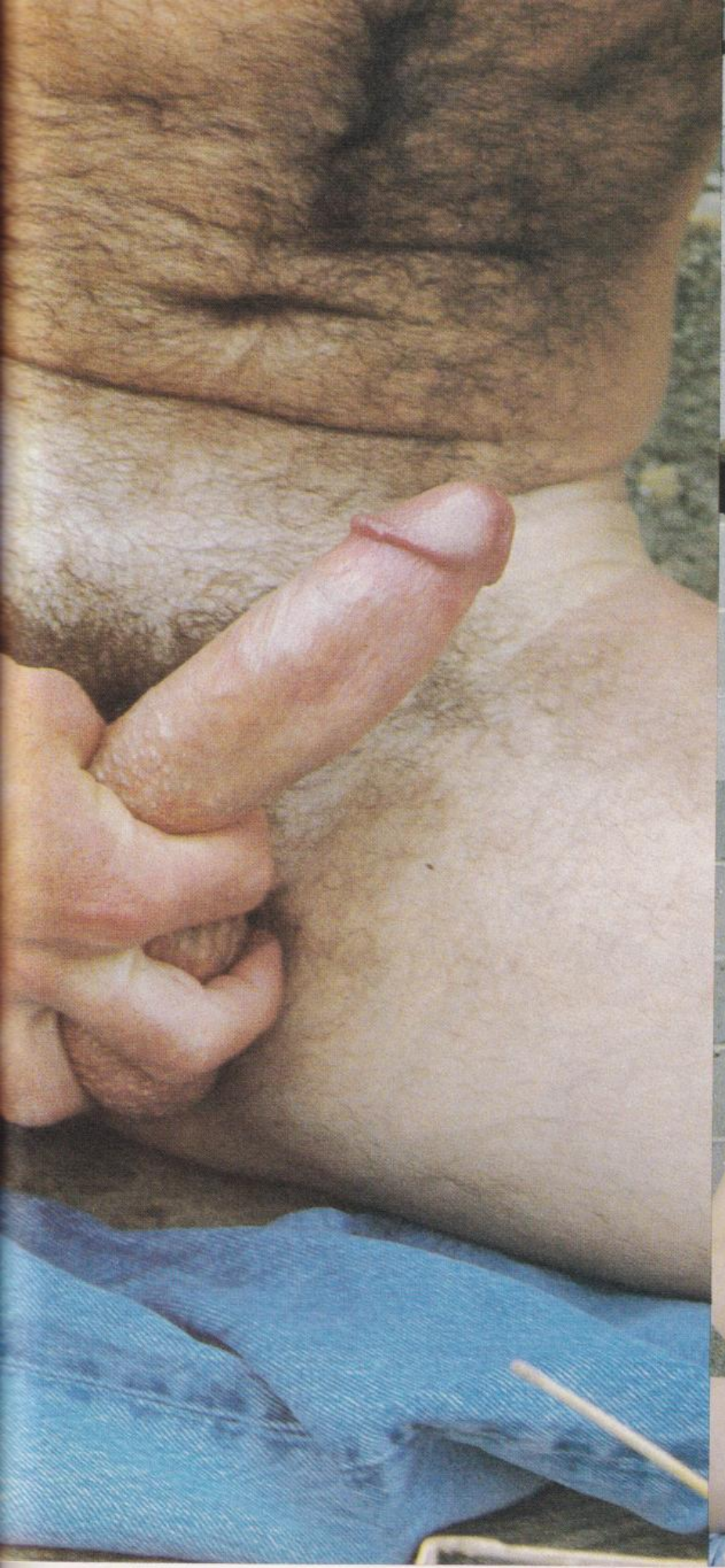
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL McKINNEY

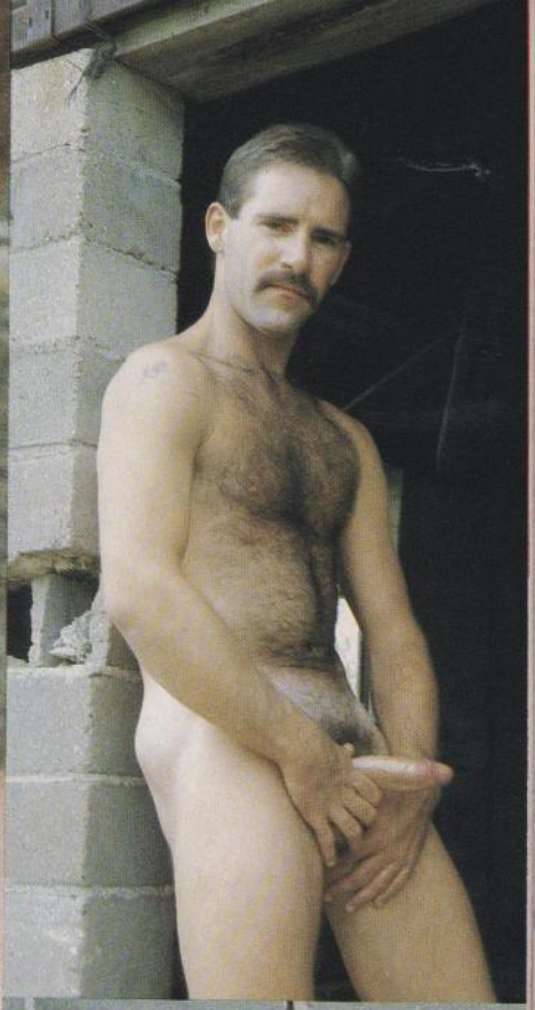


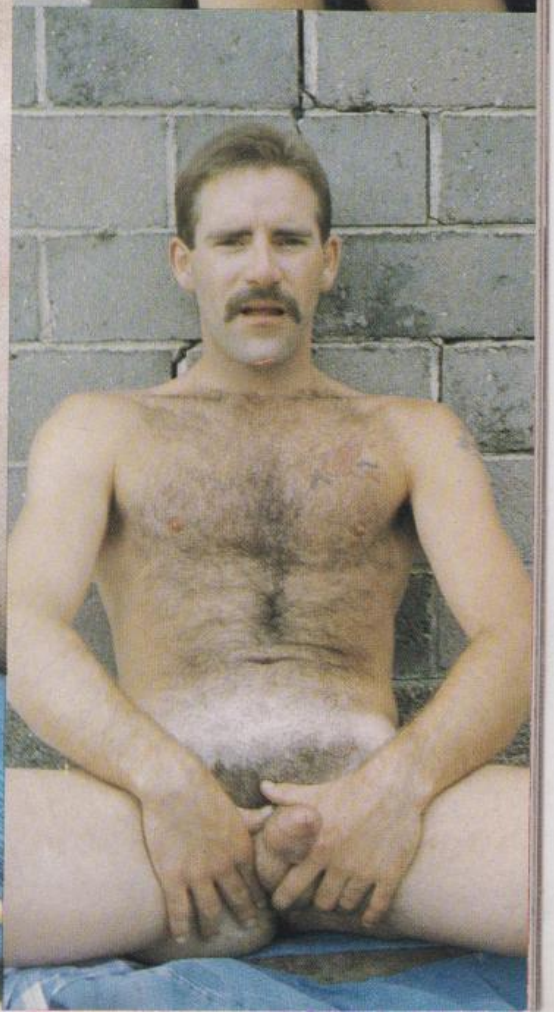


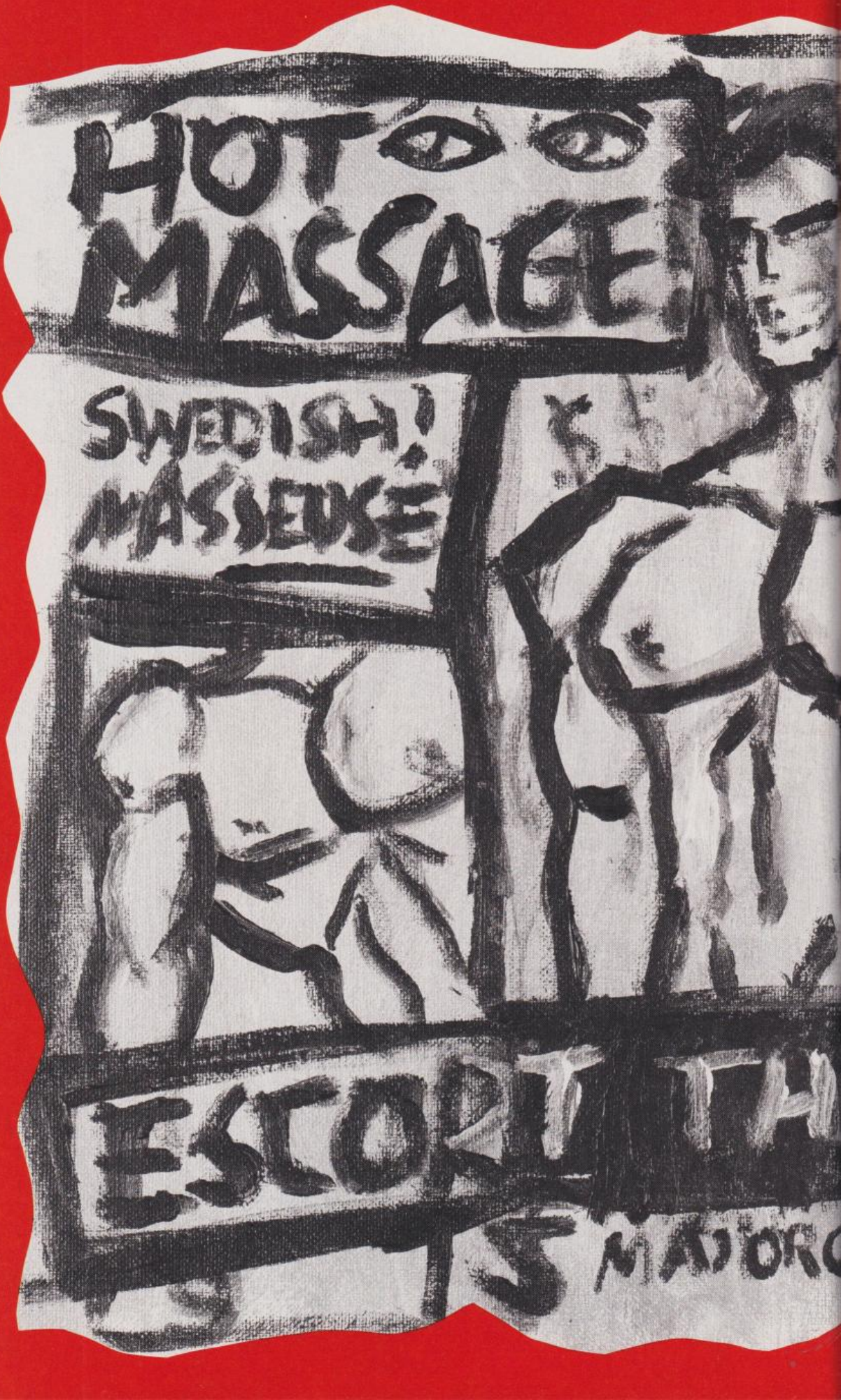


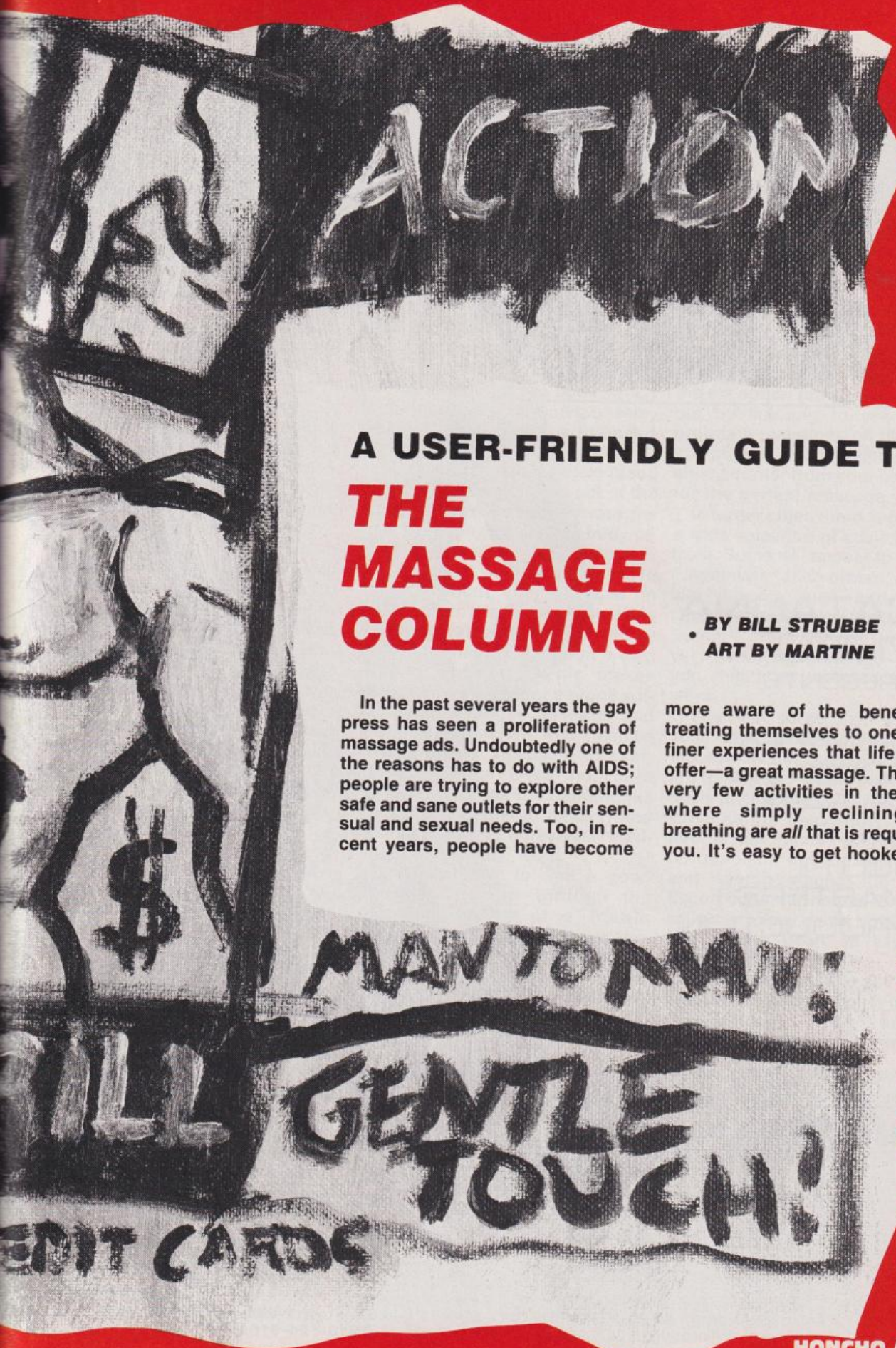









HOT
MASSAGE
SWEDISH!
MASSEDISE
ESCORT
MAJORC



A USER-FRIENDLY GUIDE TO

THE MASSAGE COLUMNS

BY BILL STRUBBE
ART BY MARTINE

In the past several years the gay press has seen a proliferation of massage ads. Undoubtedly one of the reasons has to do with AIDS; people are trying to explore other safe and sane outlets for their sensual and sexual needs. Too, in recent years, people have become more aware of the benefits of treating themselves to one of the finer experiences that life has to offer—a great massage. There are very few activities in the world where simply reclining and breathing are *all* that is required of you. It's easy to get hooked, and

PETER ASHLEY IS

TOP MAN

CATALINA VIDEO PRESENTS

A NEWPORT VIDEO RELEASE

OF A SCOTT MASTERS PRODUCTION

STARRING PETER ASHLEY

catalina video 11925 Vose St. North Hollywood, CA. 91605

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

METHOD OF PAYMENT:
☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐ CHECK ☐ CASH
(AT BUYERS RISK)

CREDIT CARD NUMBER

EXPIRATION DATE

X

Signature: I warrant that I am over 21 years of age

QTY	TITLE	PRICE	
	TOP MAN	$59.95	

☐ Beta ☐ VHS

SUBTOTAL $ _____

Calif. res. add 6.5% sales tax. $ _____

Shipping: Add $3.00 for 1st item and $1.00 for each add'l. $ _____

OR

Air Express Service: $12.00 per tape $ _____

Valid signature must be on file.

TOTAL ORDER $ _____

FOR ORDERS ONLY NO EXPRESS MAIL Call 1-800-421-3269 In Calif. 1-800-421-3268

FOR INQUIRIES, EXPRESS AND DIRECT ORDERS Call 818-764-9105

There are very few activities in the world where simply reclining and breathing are *all* that is required of you. It's easy to get hooked, and indeed, once you *are* hooked, it can be difficult to imagine life without a regular massage.

indeed, once you *are* hooked, it can be difficult to imagine life without a regular massage.

From among all those ads in your local paper or national gay magazine how do you decide which number to call? If it's your first time you probably feel nervous and awkward. You might even feel relieved when you dial and get the answering machine. Maybe you're one of those people who quickly hang up when the real person picks up the phone. You're not sure what questions to ask or possibly you feel obligated to make an appointment with the first person you talk to instead of shopping around. Sometimes it's a process of hit and miss while you try several masseurs and hopefully and eventually find the right one. But at thirty to fifty dollars a crack, you'd rather not waste it on some inexperienced charlatan whose touch is more appropriate for alligator wrestling than kneading your pretty gluteus maximus. Now, here it is at last—a professional masseur's guided tour through the mysteries of the massage column ads.

First, a brief explanation about the benefits of massage. The purpose of massage is to stimulate the nervous and muscular systems as well as the local and general circulation of the blood and the lymphs. A muscle which has worked to its maximum will recover only twenty percent after a 30-minute rest, but with a massage, will recover 100% after only a five-minute massage. Massage increases cellular respiration in a natural way and promotes the nourishment of the body tissues. Ongoing metabolism is constantly creating a need in the tissues for fresh, oxygenated blood. This need is satisfied by good circulation and a proper breathing pattern. The circulation is maintained by movements of the body which then increases the metabolism, which in turn increases the need for new blood.

Massage causes the stale blood and lymph to be carried out of the tissues and sent back toward the heart and lungs while the body remains passive. This process makes room for fresh blood to enter without the increase in metabolism. It is therefore possible for more wastes to be removed by massage than by a person's own body movements. This makes massge invaluable for anyone suffering from fatigue, disease, and particularly someone who might be bed-ridden or incapable of exercise. Massage does not *cure* anything, but has the tremendous capacity to promote healing and relieve stress on a physical, mental and emotional level.

The best way to find a good massage is first through the recommendation of a friend, preferably one who has experienced a number of massages from different masseurs. (Many people might not know that a "masseuse" is a woman who does massage and a "masseur" is the male counterpart.) Lacking such a recommendation, the next place to turn is to the papers. But wading through all the ads can be a bit baffling to the uninitiated. While most people advertising are capable of giving a decent massage, I've heard horror stories from clients who have tried a new masseur and found that the massage room was a dump: dirty and untidy, no table, just a sheet on a hard-wood floor. Worse, the masseur acted like he was on speed and was obviously untrained and didn't have a clue as to how to touch another human body. Fortunately those cases seem to be the exception rather than the rule, but by learning to ask the appropriate questions on the phone you may be able to eliminate such an encounter from your own quest for the perfect massage.

In larger cities there is generally a wide selection of ads to choose from. Some will appear to be more "legitimate" than others. Ads that say—"hung huge and thick," "playroom available," "call Butch," are not likely to offer a very satisfying massage—though you might be satisfied in other ways.

You need to be clear what it is *you* want. Some people call a masseur under the guise of wanting a massage when what they're really after is sex. If you really want some sort of heavy-duty, interactive sexual encounter you would do better off not fooling yourself and search among the Model-Escort columns instead. Sure, you will have to pay more, but then sex has always been an expensive commodity.

Among the massage ads it won't be difficult to decipher those that are offering more sex than massage although some offer

Some ads will appear to be more "legitimate" than others. Ads that say—"Hung, Huge and Thick," "Playroom Available," "Call Butch," are not likely to offer a very satisfying massage—though you might be satisfied in other ways.

dba
From the abc's
to the xyz's
in effective
advertising.
Reaching the gay
marketplace.
Benefitting
all!

DON BEAVERS
ADVERTISING

7985 Santa Monica Blvd.
Suite 109/119
West Hollywood, CA 90046

(213) 969-8034
or
(213) BEA-VERS

both. There are many excellent, professional massages available that do include a "full release," "complete massage," "total happiness" (as I once heard a Chinese gentlmen so delicately put it) as an integrated part of the massage. Most masseurs who do this will prefer that you do not reciprocate by trying to touch them, but instead that you just lay back, relax and enjoy the experience. Some people don't feel satisfied unless they have an orgasmic release during a massage, and then some people feel it interferes with the experience. Even if it is a strictly nonsexual massage however, you needn't feel embarrassed about getting an erection. Just let it be and relax. Enjoy the sensation and know that the masseur has seen hundreds of them before and likely couldn't care less.

As you scan the ads, the wording of certain ads will attract your attention. But there will also be obvious clues as to the nature of what is being offered. No, no. You can skip right over the one that says, "See yourself 'Bondassaged' in a mirror playroom," and the one that says, "8-inch Uncut Italian." The next one does mention massage:

ROCK-HARD STUD
29 yr.-old blond bodybuilder
6', 185, extra-thick tool
Sensual massage in the buff
Leave number for call back
Call Chuck

Yes, it does sound appealing if it's sex that you really want, but remember that you're trying to get a massage. The next one says:

RELAX IN CLASS
by handsome, masculine man
Firm, Erotic, Swedish massage
Certified, Hard to beat.
In or out calls.
Neil

Now you're zeroing in. You would most likely receive a good massage from the gentleman in question, and also a little extra, if that's what you're looking for. This next one sounds like a real massage however, and would be a better bet:

BEST MASSAGE OF YOUR LIFE
by professional, certified masseur
7 years experience, Swedish, Shiatsu, and Polarity, 9AM-9PM
William, PWA's welcome

Now *that* sounds like a possibility. He's certified and been in practice for a number of years, and it's kind of nice that he also encourages people with AIDS to call him.

If you do want a real massage you should look for words such as; "certified," "licensed," "such and such number of years experience," etc. Though it doesn't guarantee a great massage, at least you will know they have had some kind of training. In New York, a person advertising to massage *must* include their state license number. Florida, New York, Hawaii and some other states in fact will not allow you to use the word massage in an ad *unless* you have attended and been certified through a state accredited massage school. The rules in California are more lax, so it is impossible to know whether or not a person advertising to massage really has had training or not—unless you ask.

When you call a masseur on the phone there are the obvious questions you will ask and some not so obvious questions that could and should be asked to help you ascertain what kind of situation you will be walking into. First, let's discuss the obvious things.

The Price: Of course massage prices will vary widly depending on the skill, location, and length of the massage. Some ads list the price of the massage but many don't. Make sure you know ahead of time. Most massages are 60 to 90 minutes in length and the price anywhere from 25 to 50 dollars. In San Francisco, the average price for a 75-minute massage is 30 to 40 dollars. In New York it is likely to be 50 to 60 dollars. In St. Louis or Des Moines, it may be 20 to 30 dollars, but in those places you probably don't have as much choice. If you prefer to have the masseur come to you (an "out

call'') you should expect to pay anywhere from ten dollars more to almost double the ''in call'' fee.

Occasionally it is possible to bargain a little. Sometimes a potential client will say to me, ''Well, it sounds good but I'm going to school and can only afford thirty dollars. Could you do it for that?'' Usually I will, unless I feel a bad vibe. I have a rule that no one should be denied a massage for lack of funds, and I'm usually willing to work something out. But not all masseurs, particularly those who are busy, would consider bargaining down.

Masseurs prefer to be paid in cash, and generally that is expected. But I *have* taken travelers checks and personal checks before. Some masseurs are equipped to take credit cards. For anything other than cash however, you must ask on the phone before you arrive.

Length: Most massages vary in length from 60 to 90 minutes. Unless you specifically want only, say, a neck and back massage, anything less than an hour I would suggest is inadequate. Some massages last two hours or more, but then you should just plan on being a vegetable for the rest of the day.

Techniques: There are a wide variety of massage and body-work schools, and of course, every masseur will render each of those techniques in a slightly different manner. The following are some of the basic and most common types of massage you will come across.

Swedish: This is the kind of massage that most people think of when they think massage: the big, brawny, blond viking pounding and kneading the muscles of some businessman who's wincing and grimacing helplessly on the table. Swedish doesn't have to be that painful but it *is* generally vigorous and truly therapeutic. Swedish massage involves techniques with exotic, almost kinky-sounding names like *effleurage* (long, stroking movements), *tapotement* (pounding and karate chops), *petrissage* (compression and kneading). (Baby, come perform petrissage on my gluteus maximus!)

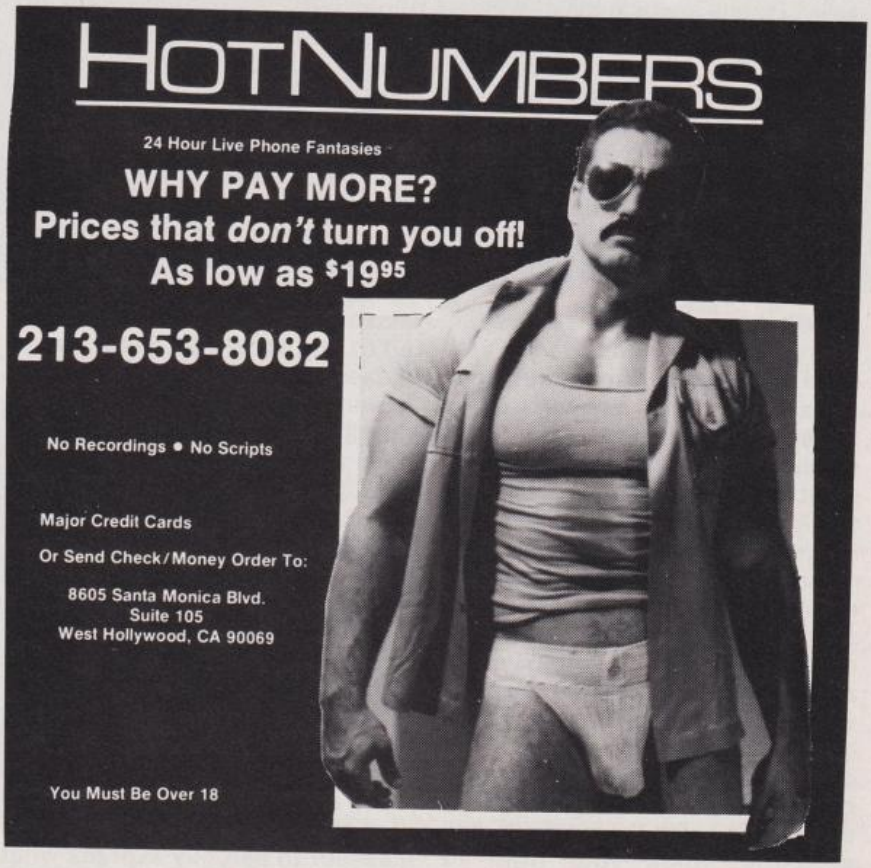
Esalen: It may involve many of the Swedish moves but is a lighter, more pleasurable massage. Playful and sensual.

Shiatsu: This would fall under the general category of Oriental massage, as would AMMA massage and acupressure. This system involves sustained thumb or spot pressure on specific points with a coordinated breathing pattern. It is meant to penetrate deep into the tissue, and while it usually doesn't provide an immediately sensual or relaxing experience the benefits can be deep and long lasting.

Polarity: Polarity involves very light touching of specific points of the body and head. Reiki could be classified as a type of polarity work. There is very little pressure involved and this type of massage is concerned more with stimulating and balancing the etheric energy of the body. While this technique is a little more ''esoteric'' than the others, the effect is often incredibly relaxing and profound. The client will often go ''out of the body'' and not be conscious of what actually transpires, but the body and mind will feel wonderfully relaxed and centered afterwards.

Deep Tissue: Rolfing, Postural Integration, Heller Work—all of these techniques would be considered deep tissue work. These treatments are usually done in a series and are for those who are serious about really working on their body-mind-spirit. This is definitely hard work for the client and therapist both! It involves a releasing of emotions accumulated and stored in the body tissues. Yelling, crying and other physical and emotional pains are often triggered during these therapies.

Schooling and years of experience: Simply ask them where they received their training, if they are certified, and how long they have been in the massage practice. If they've been massaging for only a couple of months you may want to let them get a little more practice before you relinquish your body to them. (I must add here that a couple of the most satisfying, wonderful massages I have received in my life were from people who never have had any formal training. They picked it up over the years just by working on people and by their intuition. Training isn't necessarily everything.)



Some people don't feel satisfied unless they have an orgasmic release during a massage, and then some people feel it interferes with the experience. Even if it is a strictly non-sexual massage, however, you needn't feel embarrassed about getting an erection. Just let it be and relax.

Now let's discuss some of the not-so-obvious questions that you should learn to ask which may make the massage experience infinitely more pleasurable.

"Do you work on a table?" Most masseurs have a portable massage table. If they do not have one either they are too cheap to invest in one, or, in some rare cases, they prefer to work on a pad on the floor, particularly if they do Oriental style body-work.

"Is your room heated and do you play music?" In the winter, and even in many areas in the summer, the room will need to be heated for your comfort. Even if it seems a comfortable temperature, when you are lying still for an hour, it may feel cooler. Most masseurs play some kind of light, New Age meditation music. The music helps calm and relax your mind and carry your thoughts away from the daily mind chatter.

"What kind of oil do you use?" This is really only important if you have an allergy or break out from certain oils. Most massage oil is either sweet almond oil, coconut, olive, apricot kernel oil or some combination of the above. Mineral oil should *not* be used in massage.

Once you've arrived at the masseur's studio, you should feel comfortable and at ease in the space provided and with the masseur. Of course you may feel a little nervous or excited, but you will be able to pick up on the general vibes of the place. If it's dirty, untidy, the sheets look used, or you just plain don't feel initially comfortable with the masseur, it is perfectly within your right to change your mind and leave. If it *is* for some obvious reason like the place is a wreck, let him know so maybe he'll get the message. If it's for some more subtle reason, such as a feeling, it will be awkward but still helpful to the masseur if you tried to verbalize to him why.

A trained masseur should ask you before he begins working if you have any special injuries or pains he should be made aware of. If he doesn't ask, be sure to volunteer the information. Also if you're wearing contact lenses let him know as the masseur sometimes rubs down over the eyelids as part of the facial massage.

During a massage you are encouraged to breath heavily, moan and groan if necessary, and even cry if that is what you feel like doing. You will actually be surprised how easy it is to cry during a massage if you feel sufficiently relaxed and open. Letting sounds out as you exhale is a great way to release stress and pain. If you particularly like a certain move or stroke the masseur is doing, by all means croon and swoon and let it be known. There is nothing I hate more than to give a massage and have no response or reaction whatsoever from the client. I always say, the more the audience (the client) cheers on the actor (the masseur), the better the performance they're going to get.

Masseurs don't receive promotions or pay raises. When the massage is over, if you really enjoyed all or parts of it, it would be appropriate and helpful to the masseur to verbally express what you liked. And if you thought the massage was truly wonderful, a financial tip is always appreciated. Some people think that they *must* give a tip. In my practice I don't expect one, but an extra five or ten dollars is certainly nice.

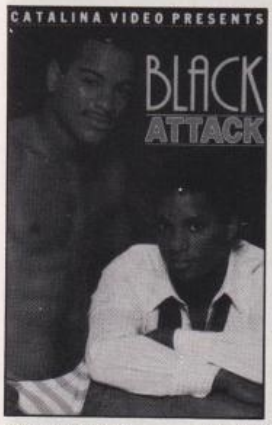
Finally, there are a few points that potential clients should understand about the massage business itself. No matter how "legitimate" the ad appears, the masseur inevitably will receive prank phone calls. Then there are people who call, sound sincere, make an appointment and then don't show up. In the meantime, another client may have called and requested the same time slot but been turned down. Some masseurs refuse to make an appointment with a new client unless the client gives his phone number for the masseur to call back and confirm. Other masseurs will ask for a number only if the caller is suspect. After a while, after hundreds of phone calls, the masseur becomes adept at discerning the real clients from the pranksters, but even then it isn't foolproof. So, if a masseur requests your number don't feel put off. If you don't feel comfortable about giving out your number, say perhaps that you are at a friends's or at work. You might also offer to give him your home number if you have an answering machine so he can call to vereify that you are who you are. Or you could suggest that you will call back in thirty minutes to confirm your appointment and demonstrate your sincerity.

Another courtesy to the masseur, as it should be with any kind of appointment, is that if it becomes apparent that you are going to be more than ten or fifteen minutes late a quick phone call is expected to let him know. If you show up half an hour late and the masseur has someone scheduled after you, it is possible that you will still be expected to pay the same amount of money even though the actual massage time is shortened.

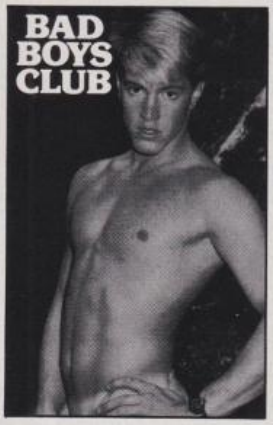
Massage is a peculiar and fascinating business. It is a job that requires acquired skill and knowledge, but, even more so, a certain type of personality and sensitivity that enables the masseur to work in such an intimate way with

A Special Selection of
MARKSMAN BESTSELLERS
DOZENS OF SUPER-HOT YOUNG GUYS GIVE YOU
INCREDIBLE SEX

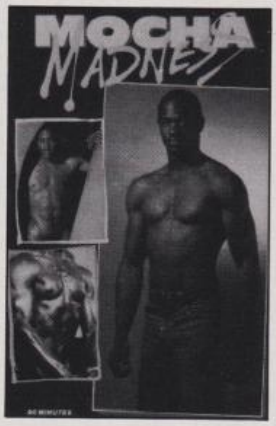
$59.00 EACH
ORDER 2 & DEDUCT $8 FROM THE TOTAL
ORDER 3 & DEDUCT $16 FROM THE TOTAL
ORDER 4 & DEDUCT $32 FROM THE TOTAL



BLACK ATTACK #VC-379
An eye-popping glimpse into the big-time, big-money world of models and photographers in the throws of producing an all-black pin-up calendar. Nine of the most exciting men we've ever seen!

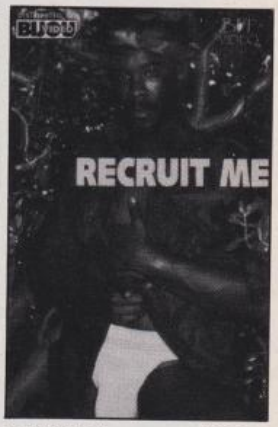


BAD BOYS CLUB #VC-406
The young men of "The Bad Boys Club" will have you in a hot sweat as they get it on with 2 of the biggest cocks in the west. Tony Marino and John Davenport take the guys through all the paces.

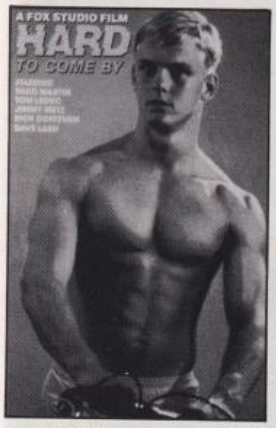


MOCHA MADNESS #VC-352
We've never seen so many traffic-stopping faces and incredible bodies in one video. A fantastic stream of cum-gushing sex between some of the most beautiful young black studs *you'll* ever see.

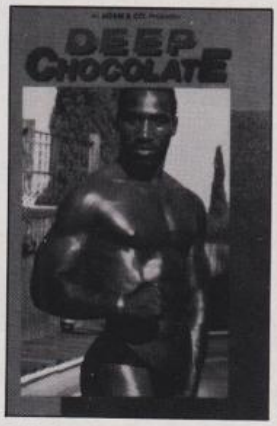
SPRING BREAK #VC-412
The latest release from Falcon—the studio that sets the standards for all-male films. The young collegiate guys in "Spring Break" are the ultimate—they've got it all. First class!



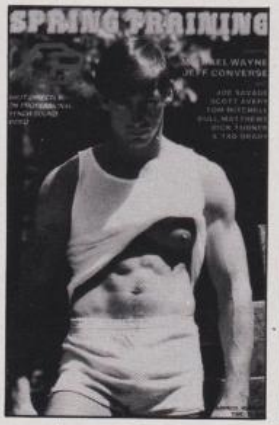
RECRUIT ME. #VC-354
A military recruiting office becomes a black cock paradise when fantasy turns to reality for these overly-hung hunks. Eager mouths and asses are ready for anything. What an induction!



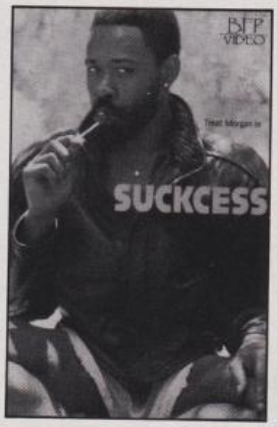
HARD TO COME BY #VC-389
If men with big-built bodies stop your heart, this action-packed video is for you. Some of the most spectacular men you will ever see really get it on and get it off. These big dudes do it!



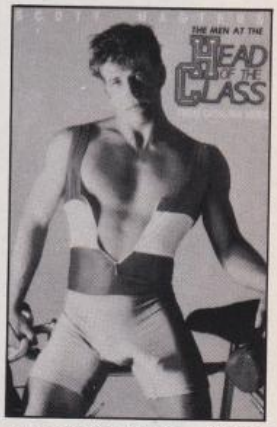
DEEP CHOCOLATE #VC-329
Plunge into the rich cocoa world of DEEP CHOCOLATE. Horny, big, super-hung black dudes show you how they work off their summer heat, work up a sweat, and work off their loads.



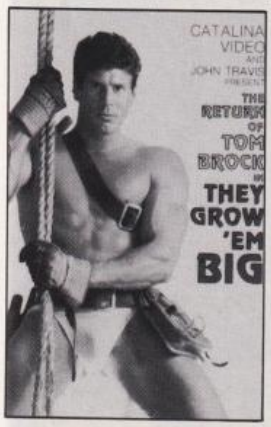
SPRING TRAINING #VC-392
Eight very hot young college jocks waste no time taking care of their most pressing need—*sex right now!* All over campus these fantastic Falcon bodies and cocks seek quick release. You'll love it!



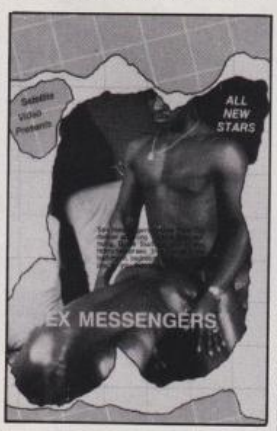
SUCKCESS #VC-355
Treat Morgan stars as a student short on cash but with a really huge money-maker between his legs. When the rent comes due, there's a long line of tricks eager to trade cash for cock.



HEAD OF THE CLASS #VC-409
Features a huge cast of some of the hottest young men ever to splash across your screen. Newcomer Jeff Lancaster joins Eric Manchester, Tony Marino, T.J. Stryker and Dean Chassen.



THEY GROW 'EM BIG #VC-407
O.K. partner it's time for a real rope em, ride em, and drive em sexual romp. Superstar Tom Brock returns in this all-western rodeo of lust with a superior cast and sensational sex.



SEX MESSENGERS #VC-353
Sex messengers in New York City deliver anything. Twelve new, hot, hung black studs star in this tale of sex. They deliver in the bathroom, bedroom, or the craziest places you can imagine.

MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS P.O. BOX 7836-X, VAN NUYS, CA 91409

☐ **Yes!** Please send ☐ BLACK ATTACK #VC-379 ☐ BAD BOYS CLUB #VC-406
☐ MOCHA MADNESS #VC-352 ☐ SPRING BREAK #VC-412 ☐ RECRUIT ME #VC-354
☐ HARD TO COME BY #VC-389 ☐ DEEP CHOCOLATE #VC-329 ☐ SPRING TRAINING #VC-392
☐ SUCKCESS #VC-355 ☐ HEAD OF THE CLASS #VC-409 ☐ THEY GROW 'EM BIG #VC-407
☐ SEX MESSENGERS #VC-353
☐ VHS ☐ BETA. Shipping $3.00 For One, $1.50 For Each Additional.
California Residents Add 6% Sales Tax.

Amount Enclosed _____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Charge ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD. Exp. Date _____

Card Number _____

Signature _____
"I hereby state that I am over 21 years of age and desire to receive sexually oriented material for my own personal use."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send brochures only. I have enclosed $5.

During a massage you are encouraged to breathe heavily, moan and groan if necessary, and even cry if that is what you feel like doing. Letting sounds out as you exhale is a great way to release stress and pain. If you particularly like a certain move or stroke the masseur is doing, by all means croon and swoon and let it be known.

another human's body and spirit. The success of the massage has as much to do with the masseur's massage abilities as it does with his personal rapport. During some massages there is barely a word exchanged between myself and a client. And then there are sessions where we chat almost non-stop from beginning to end. It all depends on the client mood, my mood, and the dynamic established between us.

Because of the initimate, sensual nature of massage work it is natural and common for there to be some sexual arousal on the part of the client and sometimes the masseur as well. The client needs to know not feel ashamed or embarrassed about the feelings, but to relax and enjoy the sensations without necessarily having to act upon them. There have been a number of occasions when I had to fend off a pawing client and other times when I had to exert sheer will power to try and maintain "a professional relationship" with my client. Even the most "legitimate" of masseurs sometimes gets horny, and if the feelings are mutual, well then, who knows what can happen...

So, you want a massage...Hopefully now you will be better equipped to get out there, shop around a bit, and find a masseur and technique that agrees with you. But be warned; once you find both, and if you indeed do get hooked, you may very easily find it difficult to imagine life without a weekly massage. ■

E·S·S·E·N·T·I·A·L·S
Designed for Today's Man

Condoms by Mail!

Trojans—the Recognized Leader

- from the privacy of your own home
- the smart, easy way
- the modern man's edge
- you deserve to relax
- a practical way to fulfill a mature need

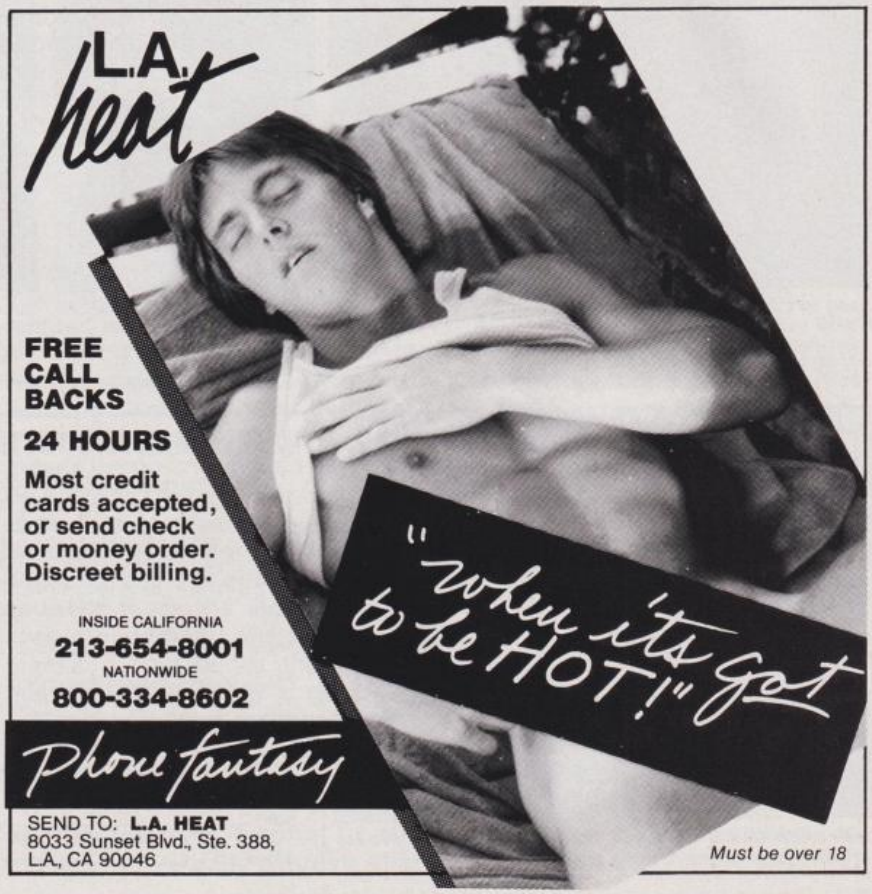
100% satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded. Shipped within 24 hours with VISA and M/C.

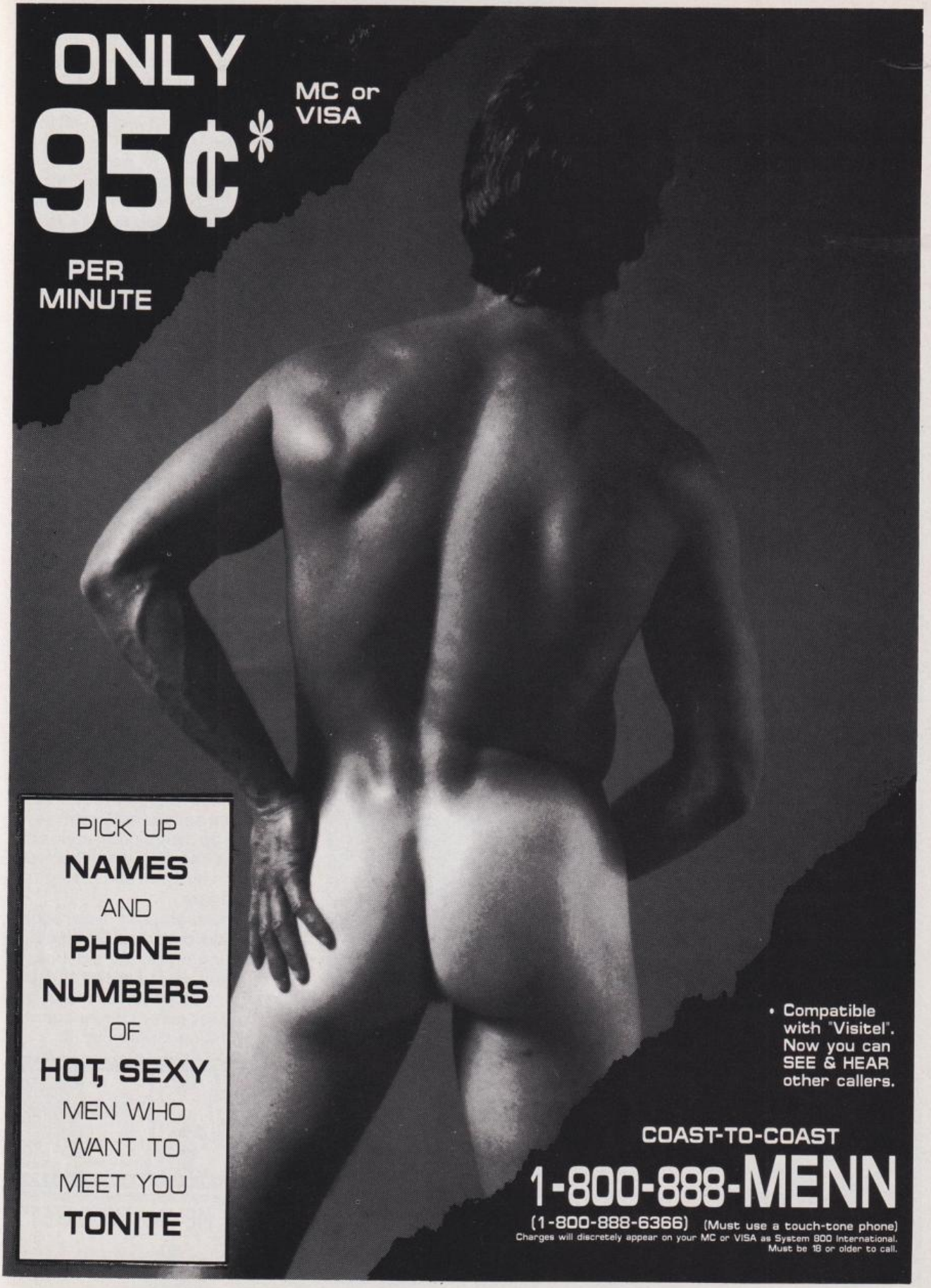
Credit card holders call toll free 9 to 9 E.S.T.
1-800-545-1551, Dept. M

E·S·S·E·N·T·I·A·L·S
P.O. Box 5758, Dept. M, Charlottesville, VA 22905

☐ M/C # _____ Exp. ____
☐ VISA # _____ Exp. ____
SIGNATURE _____
☐ Check or Money Order
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
City _____ STATE ____ ZIP ____

Please rush in plain package:
Trojan-Enz® - Lubricated for Men
☐ 1 Doz. $6 ☐ 6 Doz. $36 ☐ 12 Doz. $72
Trojan Plus 2® - Spermicidally Lubricated (helps reduce risk of many sexually transmitted diseases)
☐ 1 Doz. $7 ☐ 6 Doz. $42 ☐ 12 Doz. $84
Add $2.50 for shipping & handling. **6 doz. & over we pay shipping & handling.**
Virginia residents add 4½% sales tax.




ONLY
95¢*
MC or VISA
PER MINUTE
PICK UP
NAMES
AND
PHONE
NUMBERS
OF
HOT, SEXY
MEN WHO
WANT TO
MEET YOU
TONITE
• Compatible with "Visitel". Now you can SEE & HEAR other callers.
COAST-TO-COAST
1-800-888-MENN
(1-800-888-6366) (Must use a touch-tone phone)
Charges will discretely appear on your MC or VISA as System 800 International.
Must be 18 or older to call.

GREEK TREASURES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

which he'd brought a whole load of stuff for props, and he came up with a tanning lotion in a tube like a kingsized toothpaste. He began rubbing it into my skin. It was bad enough when he was working under my crotch and around my ass, but when he got around front, I lost all control. When somebody starts massaging my cock and balls, I get hard as a rock.

"Isn't he magnificent?" Dr. Woolrich said. "I knew he would be."

"He's got a good two inches on Teddy," the photographer said. "When this is over, I'm going to have to try it."

"He gives head like you wouldn't believe," Dr. Woolrich said.

"I believe," Vasse said. "The problem is: can I work, looking at it."

I had to suck him off as soon as we finished getting shots of the first dildo. I was afraid he was going to come all over the studio. I did him again after the second one, and then he seemed to be in better control for a while. When we got to the huge 18-incher, all three of us were jacking off to beat the band, as I tried to work it up my ass. I did get it past the sphincter, but not all the way in, by a long shot. It was just too fat. We're still not sure what it came from—a donkey, a horse or a bull.

It took all day to photograph the 20 different dildos. Jurgen Vasse took a dozen or more shots of each, with me in various positions—front, back, sideways, bending over, lying down. He was really very good. Apparently, he did a lot of erotic stuff using the kid upstairs and his friends as models. He sold the photos to Men's magazines. I have a standing invitation to come by any time I feel like having my picture taken.

We hadn't taken a break for lunch and my stomach was rumbling, but I was having too much fun to complain. At 4:30, the kid from upstairs locked the front door and came down to join the festivities. I could see he didn't particularly like the idea of me doing him out of a day's shooting, but he did like what he saw rising up navel high from my midsection.

Dr. Woolrich kept changing the background slides as I finally got to do what I do best: fuck ass.

I did him several different ways: standing up, puppy dog style with both of us kneeling, and, then with him flat on his back and his legs on my shoulders.

The photographer was taking pictures like crazy and Dr.Woolrich was jacking off on the sidelines. I don't know what kind of illustrations those pictures will make, but I can say for sure, I never spent a more fulfilling Greek day. ■

We've Made an Art of Talking Dirty

TELEROTIC

800-841-8842

IN CA OR OUTSIDE U.S.A.:
213-874-9267

EXPLICIT LIVE CALLS
FREE CALL BACKS • OVER 18
24 HOURS • CREDIT CARDS

We've Made an Art of Talking Dirty

TELEROTIC

800-841-8842

IN CA OR OUTSIDE U.S.A.:
213-874-9267

EXPLICIT LIVE CALLS
FREE CALL BACKS • 24 HOURS • CREDIT CARDS • OVER 18

1-HR. COLOR VIDEO 19.95 EA.

- ☐ After School Sack
- ☐ Flowing Juices
- ☐ Cumming '69'
- ☐ Big Black Stud
- ☐ Big Cock-Tight Ass
- ☐ Hard to Swallow

FREE CREDIT SLIP WITH ANY PURCHASE
2 MOVIES $29.95
ALL 6 $59.95

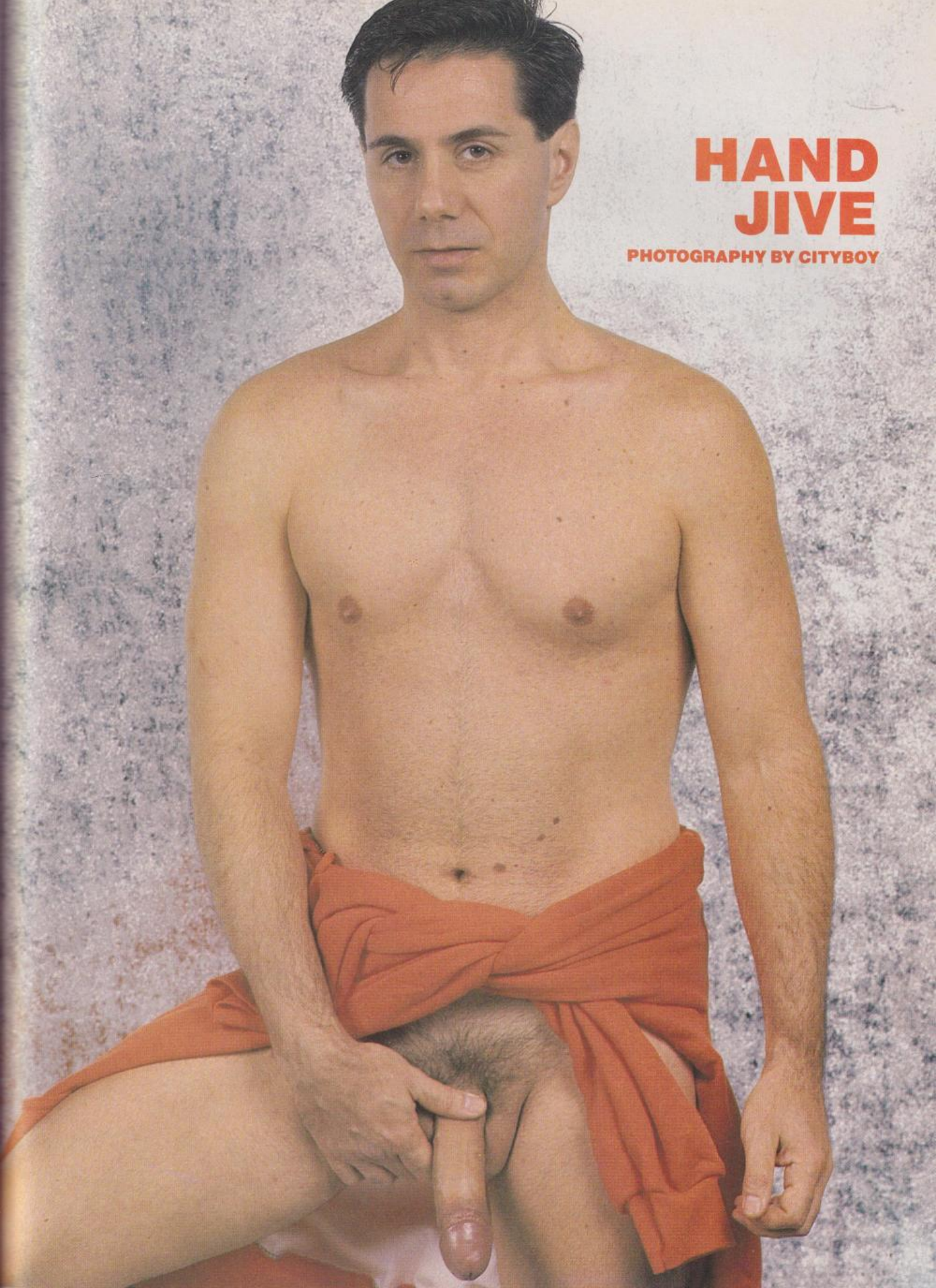
CAPRI CO.
P.O. BOX 85067
DEPT. HO16
L.A., CA 90072

"WATCH ME MASTURBATE!"

I LOVE TO CUM!!!
With my fingers, a vibrator or my dildoe.
I'LL HOLD IT JUST FOR YOU!
luv- Christy

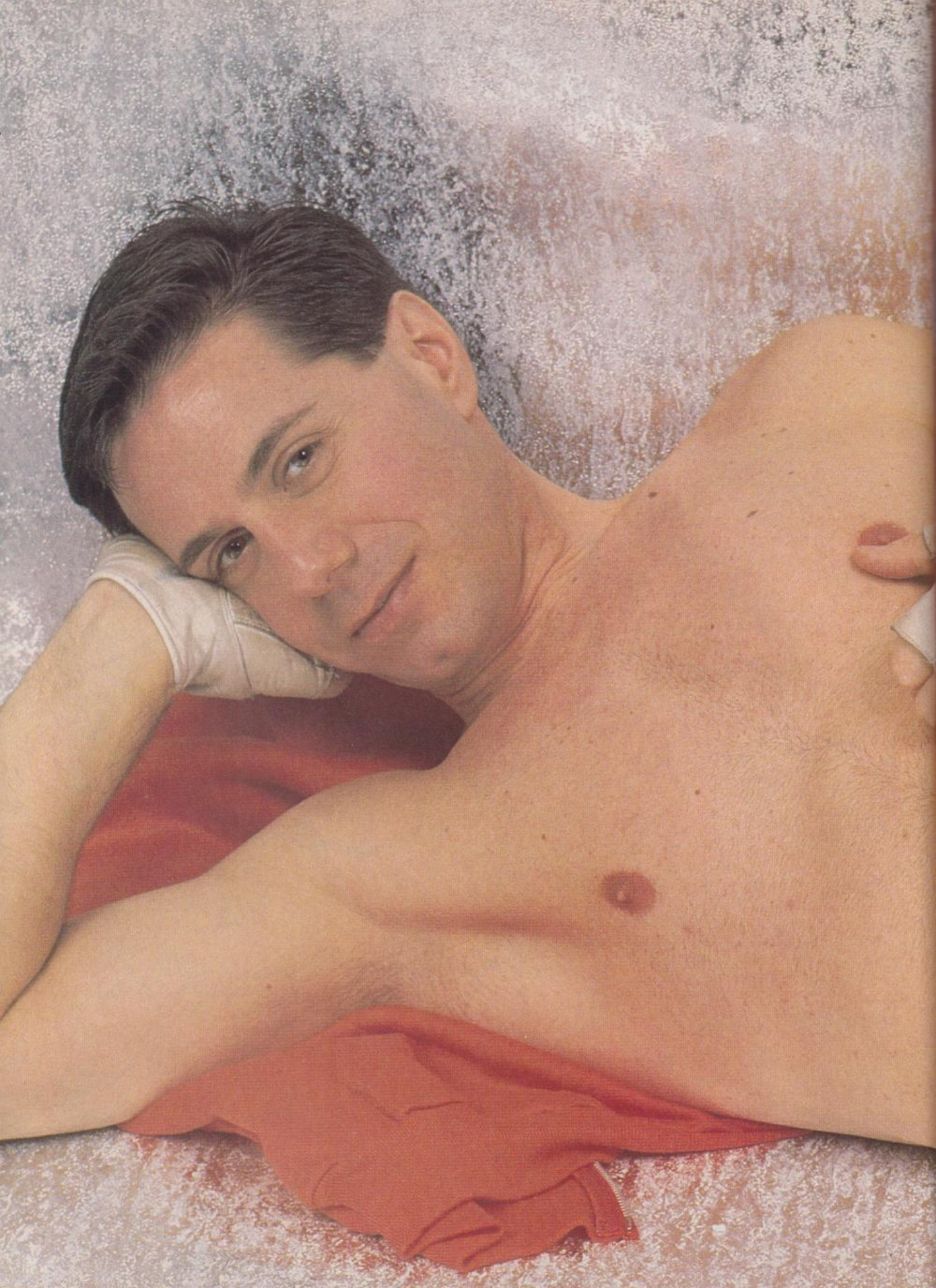
1 dozen Pics $5.00
3 dozen Pics $9.95
Full length Home Video $29.95

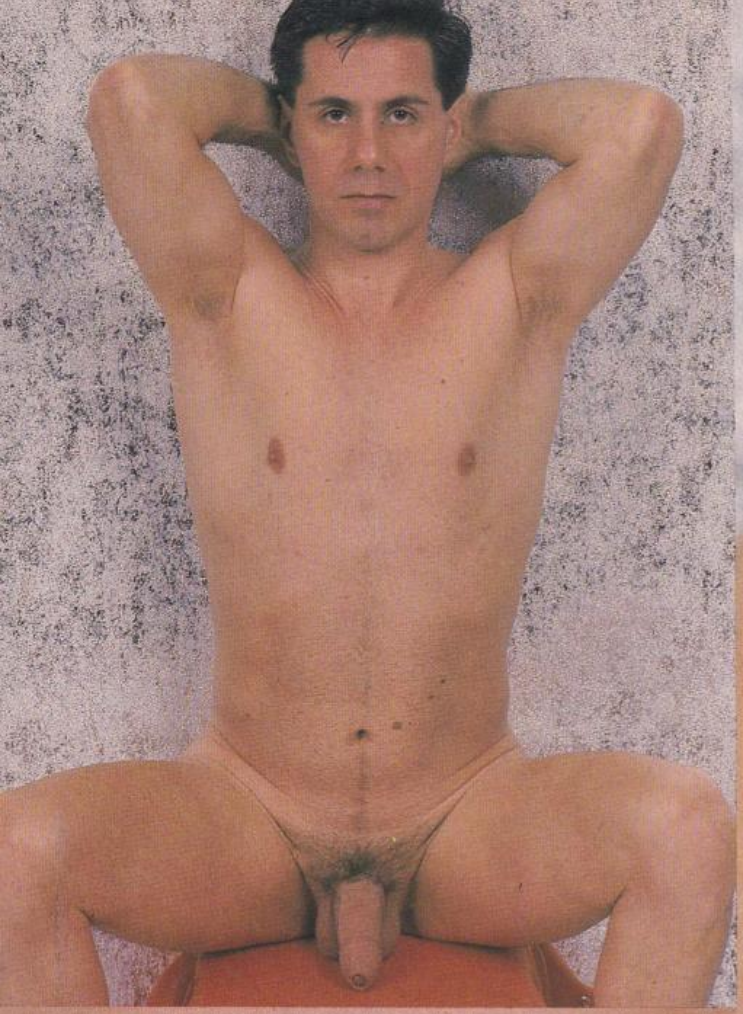
Send to: Chris
Box 85097, DEPT. HO16
Los Angeles, CA 90072



HAND JIVE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CITYBOY





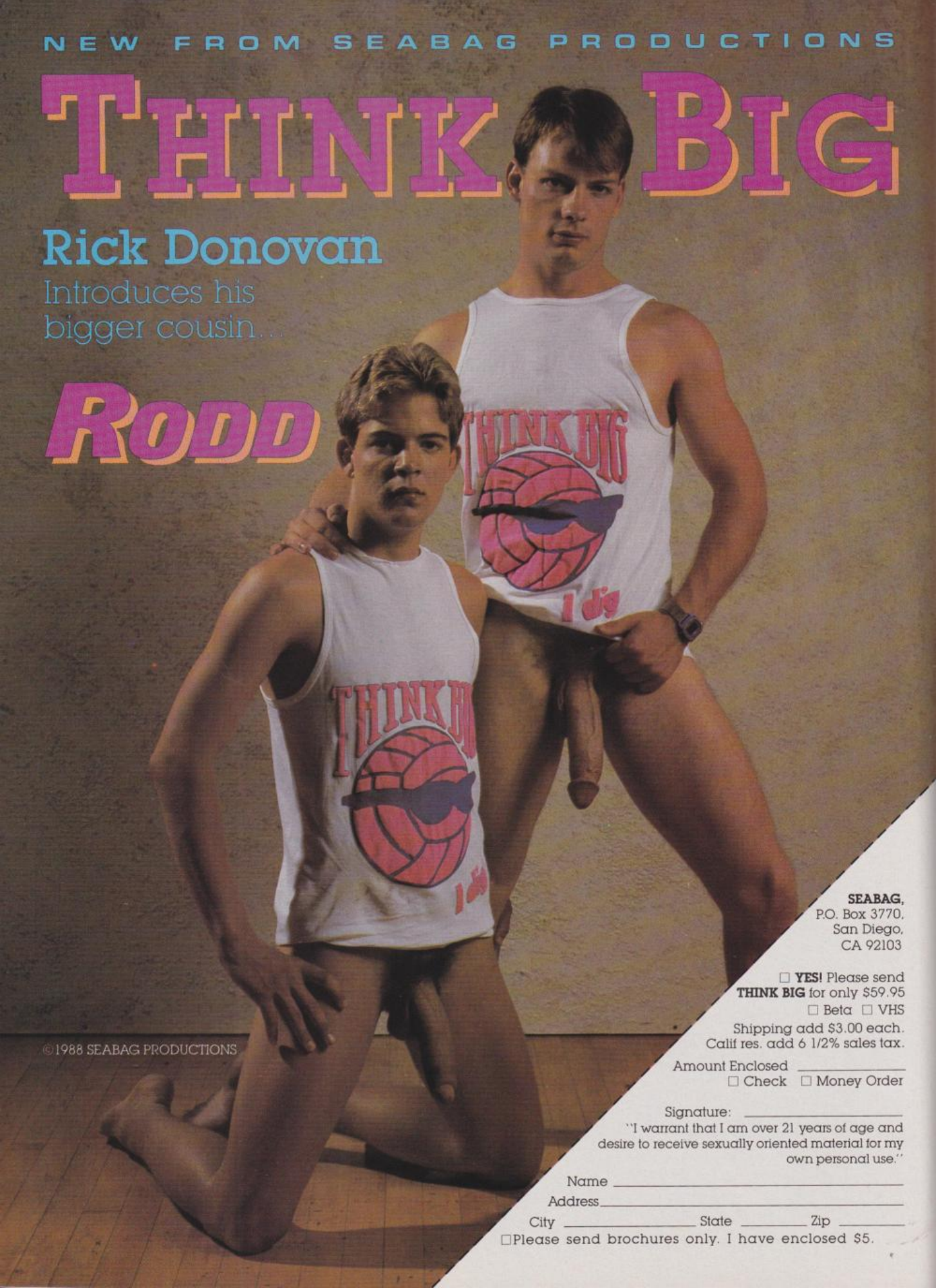
NEW FROM SEABAG PRODUCTIONS

THINK BIG

Rick Donovan

Introduces his
bigger cousin...

RODD



©1988 SEABAG PRODUCTIONS

SEABAG,
P.O. Box 3770,
San Diego,
CA 92103

☐ **YES!** Please send
THINK BIG for only $59.95
☐ Beta ☐ VHS
Shipping add $3.00 each.
Calif res. add 6 1/2% sales tax.

Amount Enclosed _____
☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Signature: _____
"I warrant that I am over 21 years of age and desire to receive sexually oriented material for my own personal use."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐Please send brochures only. I have enclosed $5.

2 NEW VIDEOS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

FOR THE MILLIONS OF VIEWERS WHO WANT

BIG BLACK MEN

We've got 'em ALL right here. Eighteen of the biggest, blackest cocks to ever stand up in front of the video camera are brought together for this marathon of hot-sex action. If big black men are at the top of your charts, you'll want both of these new videos.

BLACK SWEAT. Eleven very hung black dudes with super athletic builds and a healthy interest in getting off get it on together in this new video. Extra-long 105 minutes of all hard action. **#VC 405. $69.**

BLACK & HUNG. Great-looking young black dudes — great jack-off action — great cum shots. Seven terrific young guys get right down to business and work their big thick cocks up to a huge wet splash. **#VC 391. $59.**

SAVE $8 ORDER BOTH NEW VIDEOS AND DEDUCT $4.00 EACH

MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS P.O. BOX 7836-O, VAN NUYS, CA 91409

☐ **Yes!** Please send ☐ BLACK SWEAT #VC 405 $69. ☐ BLACK & HUNG #VC 391 $59.
☐ BOTH VIDEO FILMS — DEDUCT $4.00 EACH.
☐ VHS ☐ BETA. Shipping $3.00 Each. California Residents Add 6% Sales Tax.

Amount Enclosed _____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Charge ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD. Exp. Date _____

Card Number _____

Signature _____

"I hereby state that I am over 21 years of age and desire to receive sexually oriented material for my own personal use."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send brochures only. I have enclosed $5.

MORE GAY MEN AND LESBIANS HAVE DIED FROM CHEMICAL DEPENDENCY THAN FROM AIDS.

If you think drugs or alcohol are keeping you down, you are in good company. One out of every three gays and lesbians is in the same situation. That's seven million of us who are struggling with the disease of chemical dependency. Not everyone is succeeding.

It doesn't have to be that way.

Consider Pride Institute, American's first inpatient drug and alcohol treatment facility run *by* gay men and lesbians *for* gay men and lesbians. We offer you a chance to clear the drugs and alcohol out of your life and to recover a healthy personality, without the distractions of your everyday routine. All this occurs within the safety and comfort of a place that respects your sexual orientation while protecting your confidentiality.

Our program is based on a proven combination of 12-step experience and clinical expertise. But unlike other treatment facilities, we also offer you a chance to explore the history and heritage of being gay in a straight world.

Our goal is to send you back into that world full of the enthusiasm, talent and energy that makes you who you are: proud, clean, sober and ready to go.

If drugs or alcohol are doing a number on you or someone you know, call our toll free number today: **1-800-54 PRIDE** (or in MN, 1-612-934-7554). Help is available 24 hours a day.

Recover with pride.

PRIDE INSTITUTE

DIRTY DOIN'S AT THE DINER

Looking at his still rock-hard, swollen, throbbing monster, he sarcastically asked, "Does *this* look finished to you?"

It sure didn't. Suddenly, he bent over against the sink. "Rim me," he ordered.

Hold on here, I thought. I only thought it though; I didn't want to make him angry. An older friend had rimmed me once and it was a hell of a turn-on. I wasn't at all sure how much of a turn-on it would be from the giver's position, but I was willing to find out.

He was impatiently wiggling his heavenly hot ass in my face. "Come on man, *eat it*!"

Not wanting to further upset him, I complied. I grabbed his cute, chubby, golden brown cheeks and spread them. The sight of his sweet asshole made my own dick stand at attention, straight and hard. I wanted to fuck his ass badly, but I knew he'd do some damage to me if I even tried. I had a funny feeling that before we were finished it was *my* skinny ass that was going to get fucked.

I dove right in and planted my tongue firmly on his cute asshole. He sighed ecstatically at the touch.

"Lick it, Man!" he gasped. "Lick it all over!"

Well, I was finally "Man" to him again.

Still wet from his cum and my own saliva, my tongue went to work on his beautiful hole like I'd been doing it all my life. It wasn't at all unpleasant. In fact, the musky odor was a total turn-on. I reached between his legs and began to squeeze his great balls. Clutching at his cock, I stroked its great length.

"Wrap your hand around it, and hold tight!" he ordered, and I did. He began thrusting his hips, fucking my hand. I was really aroused. My eager tongue completely rimmed him, and left his asshole covered with my spit and his cum. Then I suddenly felt the slipperiness of pre-cum on my fist. "Bend over," he shouted, without any warning.

Oh, shit. I'm in for it now, I thought.

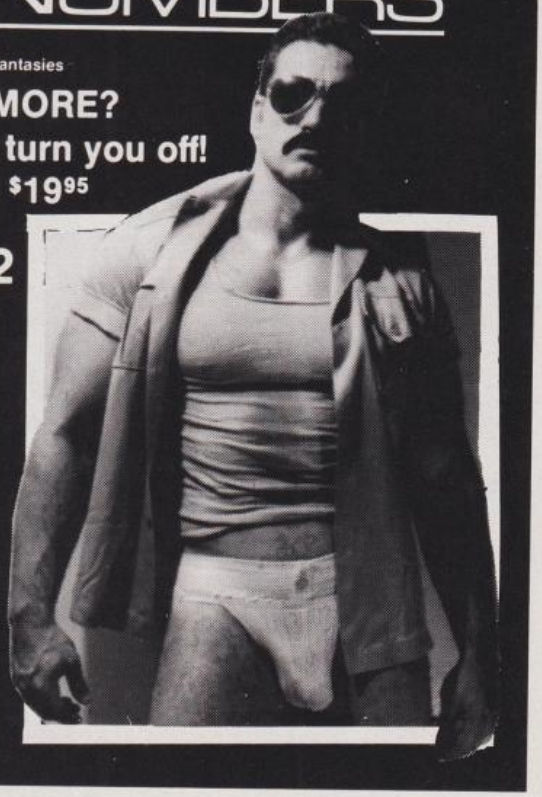
I knew this was going to happen, and I didn't look forward to it. But he surprised me as his huge hands spread my cheeks, and his tongue savagely dug into my asshole.

"Ah, FUCK!" I yelled, as he gave me the greatest, most thorough, eager rimming I'd ever had—or *have* had since then.

It only lasted about fifteen minutes, but it seemed like an eternity. Then he put his fingers where his talented tongue had been, pushing, and probing, and stretching my hole. It hurt like hell, too. I've had finger-fucks before, but I've never experienced such pain. I knew I was being primed for something much, much bigger, and thicker. He got rough with me, but even though I gasped and grunted, I never let him see how much pain I was in. He must have been really impressed, because he said, "You're really a tough little fucker, you know that, Bones?"

While the fingers of his huge left hand stretched my asshole from behind, he grabbed my dick with his right hand and began to pump. Once again I was pleased and surprised. I didn't think he'd be the

SALE PRICED $29.95 Limited Offer!
SAVE $40 REG. $69.95
2nd tape 24.95 ea. Add $3.00 per video for postage & handling
COMPLETE BROCHURE PACKAGE AND INFORMATION .....only $5.00
MASTURBATION VIDEO
Big guys! Big cocks! Huge cum shots! 6 hunks squirting their loads all over the place. Big vein-popping cocks standing at attention and being stroked until they burst. A must for your home video collection. (1-hr. run time.)
John Sana Box 32 • DEPT. HO16
North Hollywood, Ca. 91603

HOTNUMBERS
24 Hour Live Phone Fantasies
WHY PAY MORE?
Prices that *don't* turn you off!
As low as $19.95
213-653-8082
No Recordings • No Scripts
Major Credit Cards
Or Send Check/Money Order To:
8605 Santa Monica Blvd.
Suite 105
West Hollywood, CA 90069
You Must Be Over 18


He was rough with my rod, but I like it that way. My own chest began the telltale heaving, and he recognized the sign. Roughly, he spun me around and wrapped his hot, wet lips around my dickhead, and I shot a large load of my milky liquid into his mouth.

kind to play with somebody else's cock. He hadn't seemed to pay any attention to my dick up to now, yet he commented, "Pretty nice cock, Bones. About eight-and-a-half?"

Right on the nose. Now here was a man who was experienced in cocks, at least experienced enough to be a judge of their lengths.

He was rough with my rod, but I like it that way. My own chest began the telltale heaving, and he recognized the sign. Roughly, he spun me around and wrapped his hot, wet lips around my dickhead, and I shot a large load of my milky liquid into his mouth. I was still in a state of shock when he turned my ass around again. He grabbed my cheeks and then he spit my own jism all over my asshole, and rubbed it in well with his tongue. He stood up and quickly planted his throbbing, anxious rod against my ass.

I couldn't control myself. I let out an agonizing scream as his huge, massive dickhead penetrated my ass. He stopped and said, "Take it easy, Bones, you can take it, Man, you're a tough fucker."

Oh, sure, now I was Man again.

Slowly, as the pain began to subside, he put more of it into me. Had he not primed me with his savage fingers, I believe I would have been ripped apart. The way it was, it hurt like fucking hell, but I could take it. While caressing my buns he kept pushing forward, and soon all of him was in me.

"Christ, what a fucking good ass!" he said sensually.

He began grinding his hips and pumping. His savage thrusts were ecstasy amid the loud slap of his stomach on each forward slam. He fucked me for at least five minutes, then shot another juicy load, almost as violent as his first. I only felt the first part of it. The last part I saw as he ripped himself out of my asshole and let the foamy jism splatter against my ass, squirt in the air. Finally the last bit oozed to the floor. What a finale!

We were both exhausted. He reached down and tugged playfully on my tender cock, saying, "That was some kind of fuck, Bones. You've got a fuckin' hot ass that won't quit."

"Man, you've got a dick that won't quit, either," I said smiling.

I noticed that he was still almost fully erect. "It's always at least half-hard," he told me. "I can't seem to ever get enough."

"You work every night?" he asked while putting his clothes back on.

My heart was racing with excitement. "Eleven to seven," I said hopefully.

"Well, I'll be back from Jersey in a week or so. I'll stop in here. I'm going to save it *all* for you," he said, roughly squeezing his crotch.

I smiled again. "From what I've seen that might be hard to do."

"Hard is one way to put it," he said, chuckling, "but you can count on it. Okay, Hot Ass?"

"I'll be waiting," I said, as he walked out the door. I heard his rig start up, and eventually I heard his tires on the gravel road as he pulled his rig out of the diner's parking lot.

He never did get that swiss steak, but the 'meaty' birthday present he gave me was the best ever! ■

AT LAST

TAN WITHOUT THE SUN!

FREE OPPORTUNITY—SAVE TODAY!
✓✓ NO MORE COOKING IN THE SUN!
✓✓ NO MORE BLISTERING OR PEELING!
✓✓ NO MORE PALE SKIN!
✓✓ DARKENS "NATURAL" TANS!!

TAN ALL YEAR-ROUND!

YOU know you will look healthy, energetic and attractive with a tan. Friends compliment you. Strangers envy you. Everyone will be attracted to you.

SPECIAL EUROPEAN FORMULAE
ABSOLUTELY SAFE...IT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

CANTHAXANTHIN 30mgs. and BETA CAROTENE 3mgs., the active natural organic ingredients in FRENCH BRONZE TABLETS™, are safer than the UV radiation from the sun. There is no risk of damage or aging to your skin! It is used extensively in the foods you eat, and has been approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration as a food coloring.

BEST 'TANNING PILL' AVAILABLE TODAY!

CANTHAXANTHIN and BETA CAROTENE, the ideal formula, has no by-products of animal fat and bone as capsules do. It is being used by millions in Europe and Canada for tanning purposes, and is approved by the European and Canadian equivalents of the U.S.F.D.A.

WORKS GREAT!

Just take 2 FRENCH BRONZE TABLETS™ two times a day for 2 weeks and maintain your tan with 2 tablets daily.

UNCONDITIONAL 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

If you are **ever** dissatisfied return the bottle and you will receive your refund promptly. We at FRENCH BRONZE TABLETS™ stand behind our product 100%.

ORDER TODAY!

FAST 1st CLASS 24-HOUR DELIVERY

UNLIKE COMPETITORS, WE PAY POSTAGE & HANDLING!

CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-453-4001, and

YOU ARE ON YOUR WAY TO GETTING YOUR NATURAL LOOKING GOLDEN BRONZE TAN!!!

*CLIP COUPON, FILL OUT AND ENCLOSE IN ENVELOPE

YES I WILL HAVE MY GOLDEN TAN 3 WEEKS FROM TODAY...
I AM ORDERING NOW!

Please rush me FRENCH BRONZE TABLETS.™ For your convenience
Call Toll Free, 1-800-453-4001, 24 HOURS A DAY

SPECIAL PRICE! LIMITED TIME OFFER!

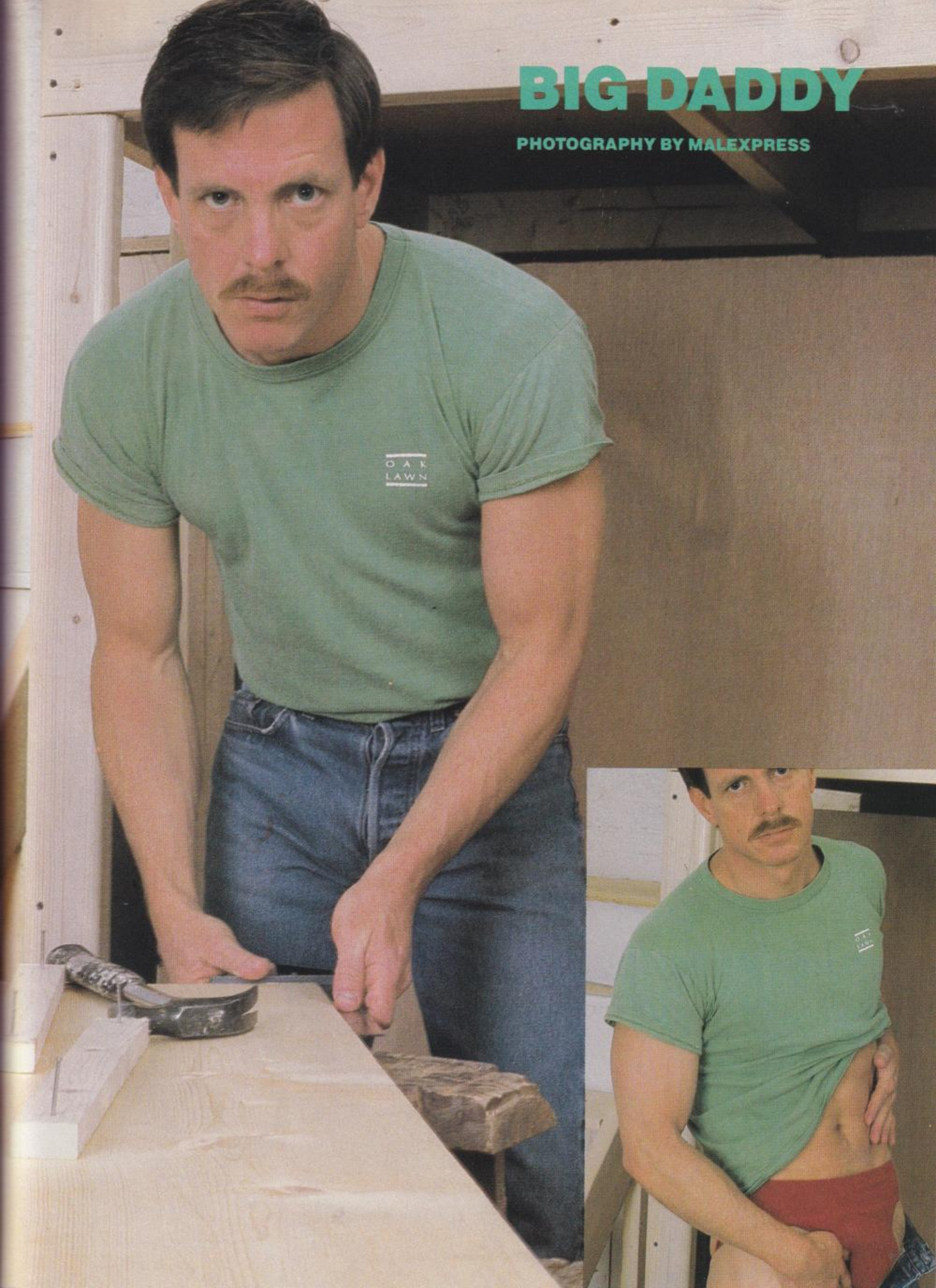
Your Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____
___ Check ___ Money Order ___ M/C ___ VISA
(NO C.O.D.'s Please) (U.S. FUNDS ONLY)
Credit Card No. _____
Exp. Date _____ *NY residents please add 8¼% sales tax
We ship 1st Class within 24 hours of your order. We pay postage & handling.

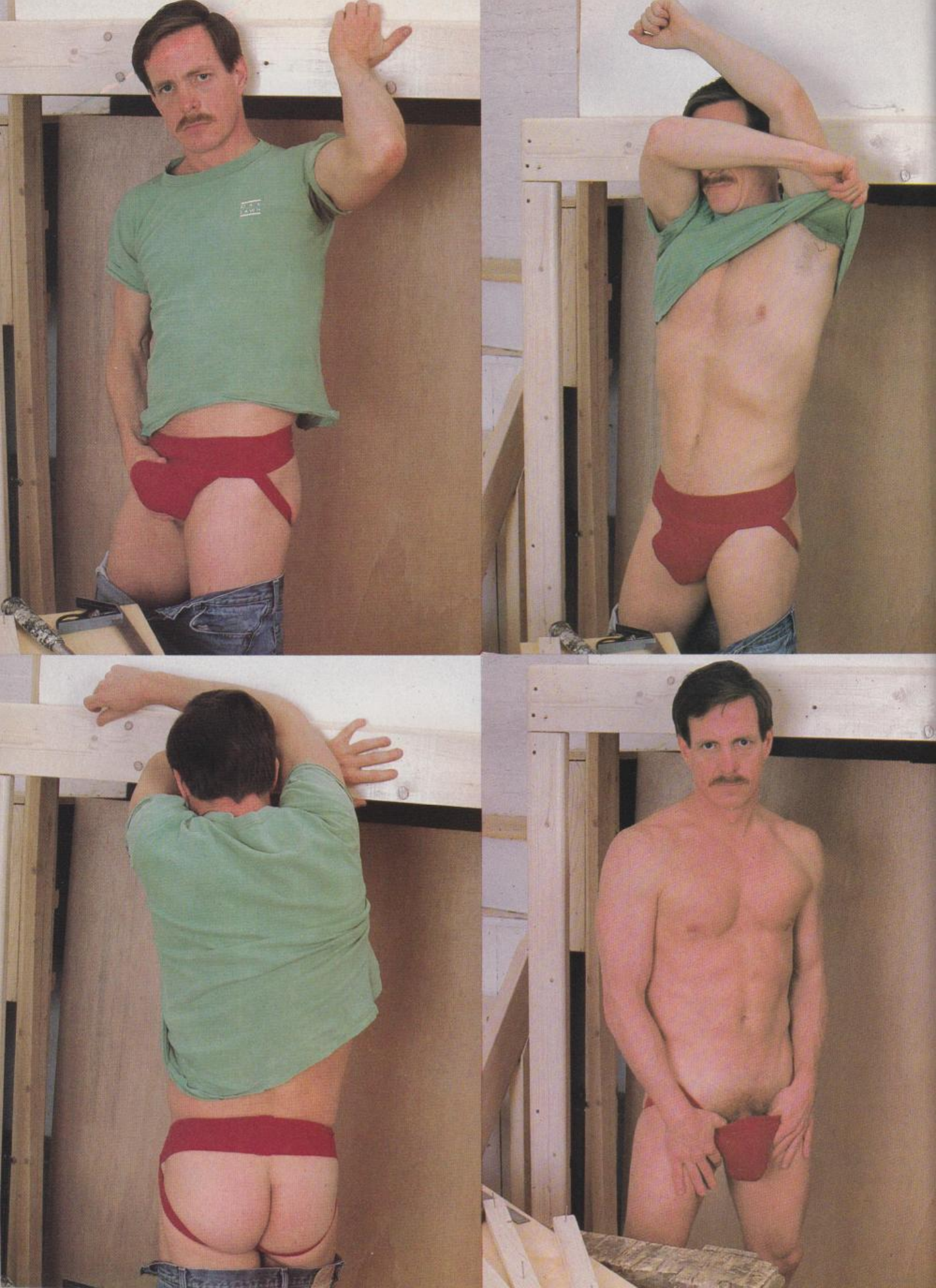
☐ (80 Tablets) ~~$24.95~~ (Save $8.00) $16.95
☐ (160 Tablets) ~~$44.95~~ (Save $16.00) $28.95
☐ (240 Tablets) ~~$64.50~~ (Save $21.55) $42.95
☐ (400 Tablets) ~~$94.95~~ (Save $37.00) $57.95

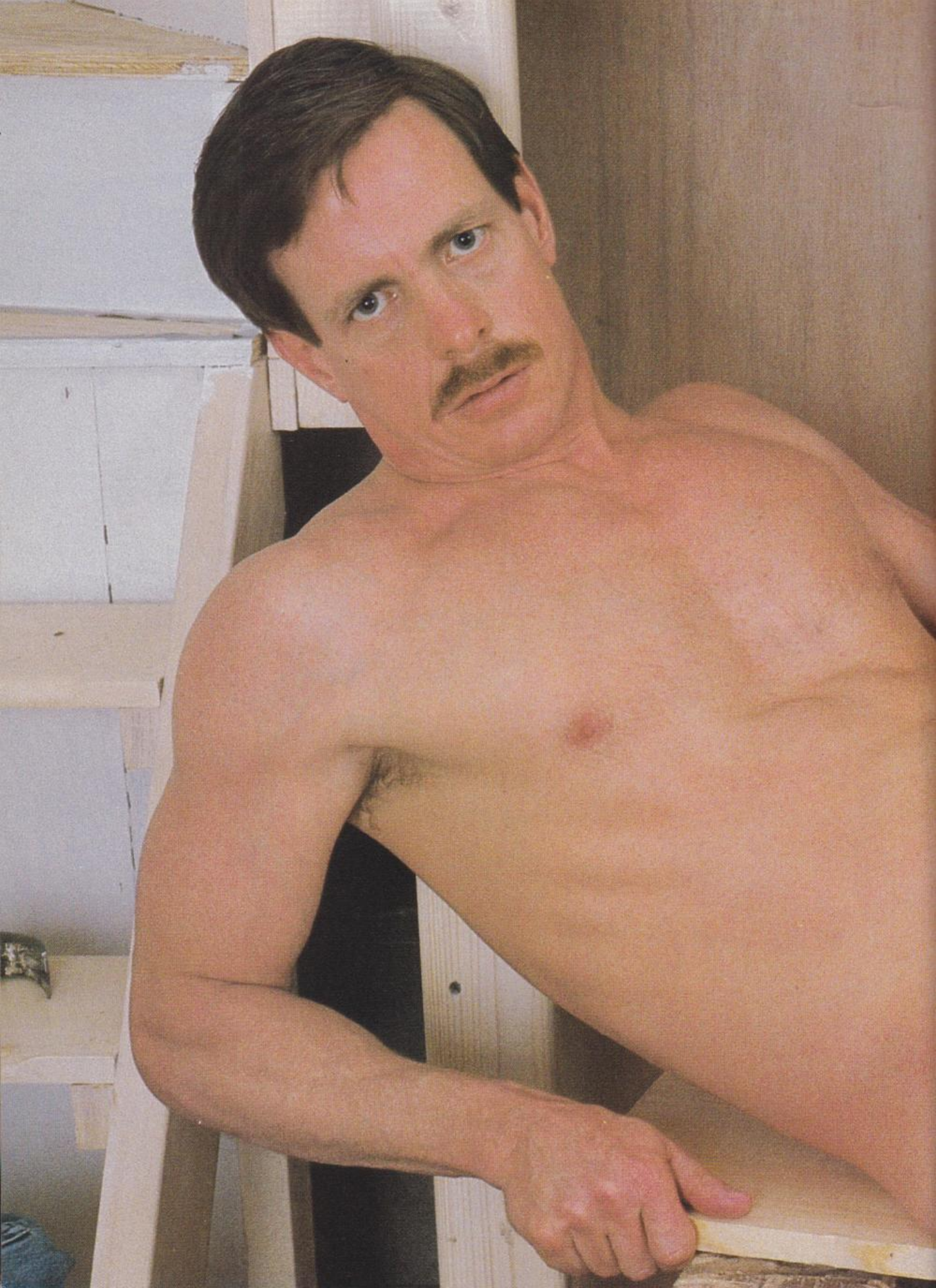
MAIL TO:
FRENCH BRONZE TABLETS™
210 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK N.Y. 10010
1-800-453-4001

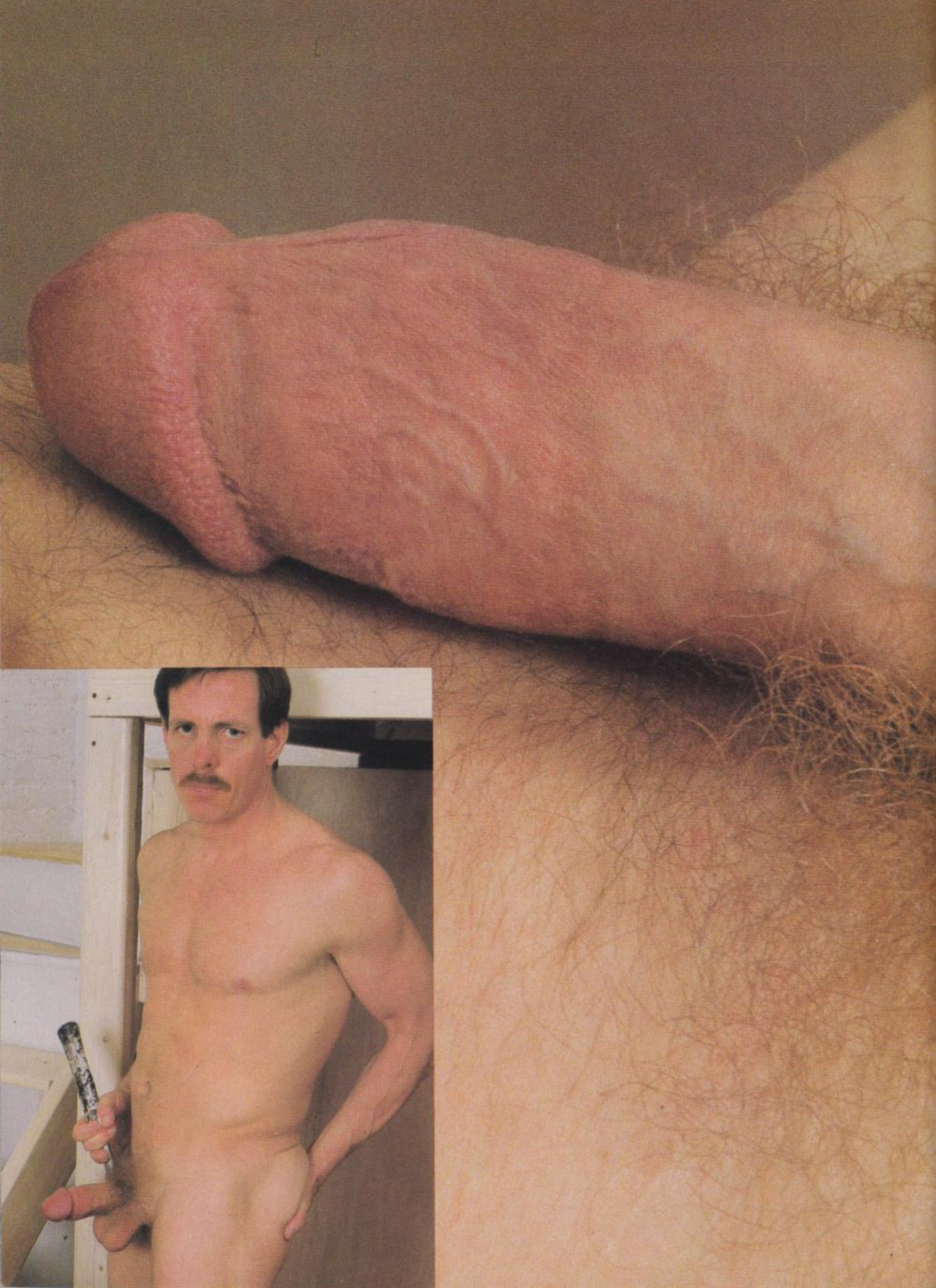
BIG DADDY

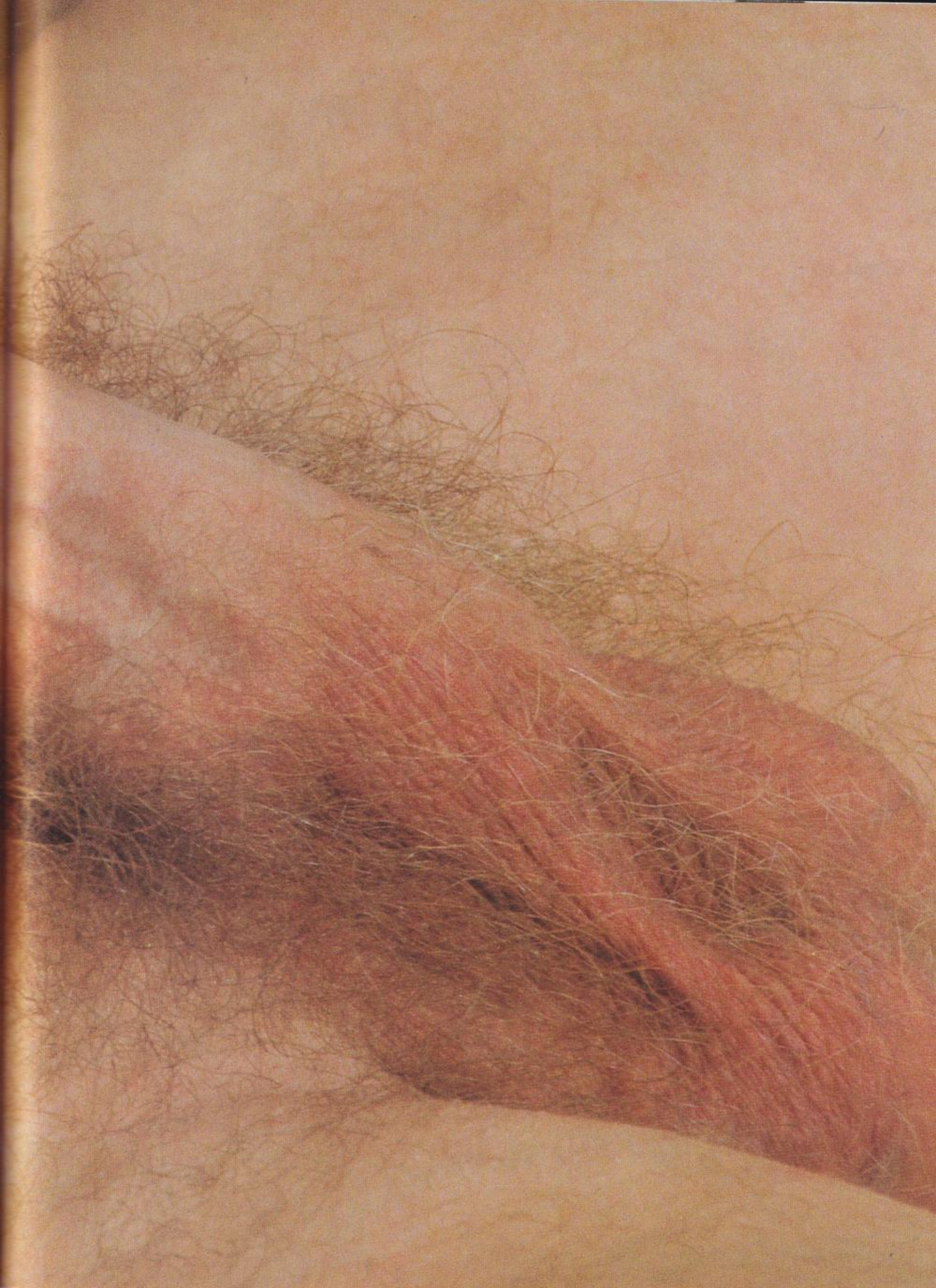
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MALEXPRESS

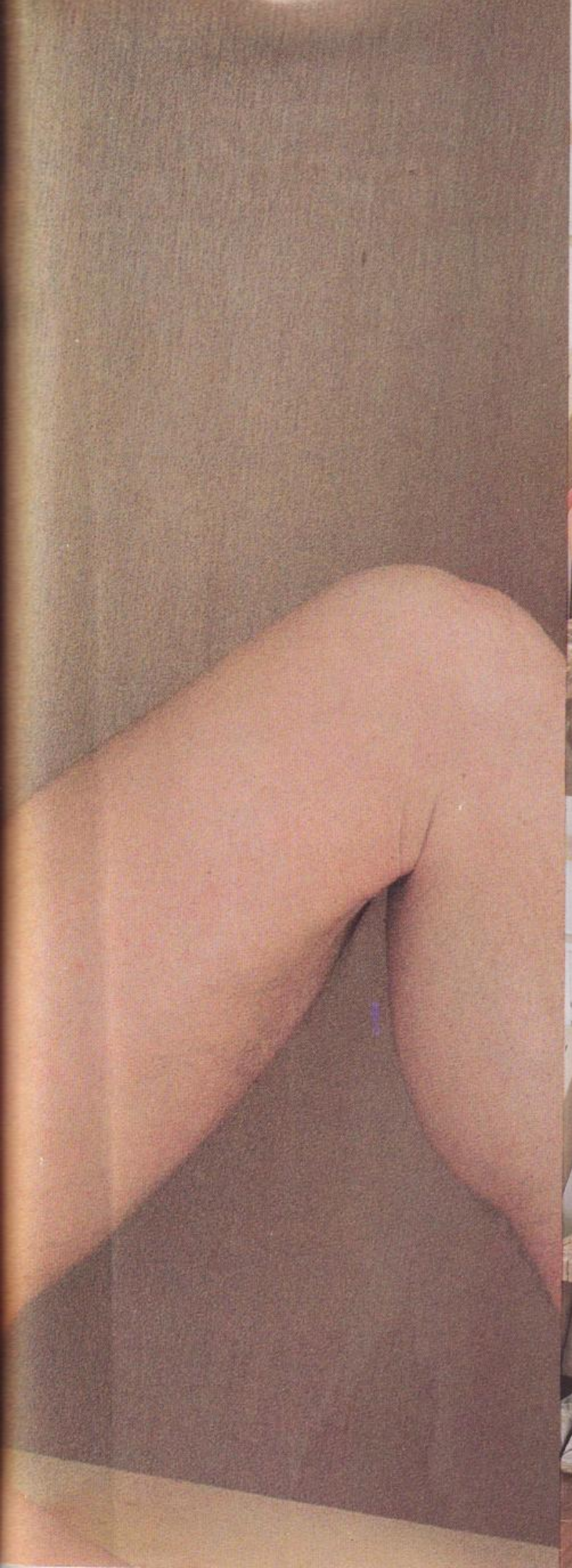


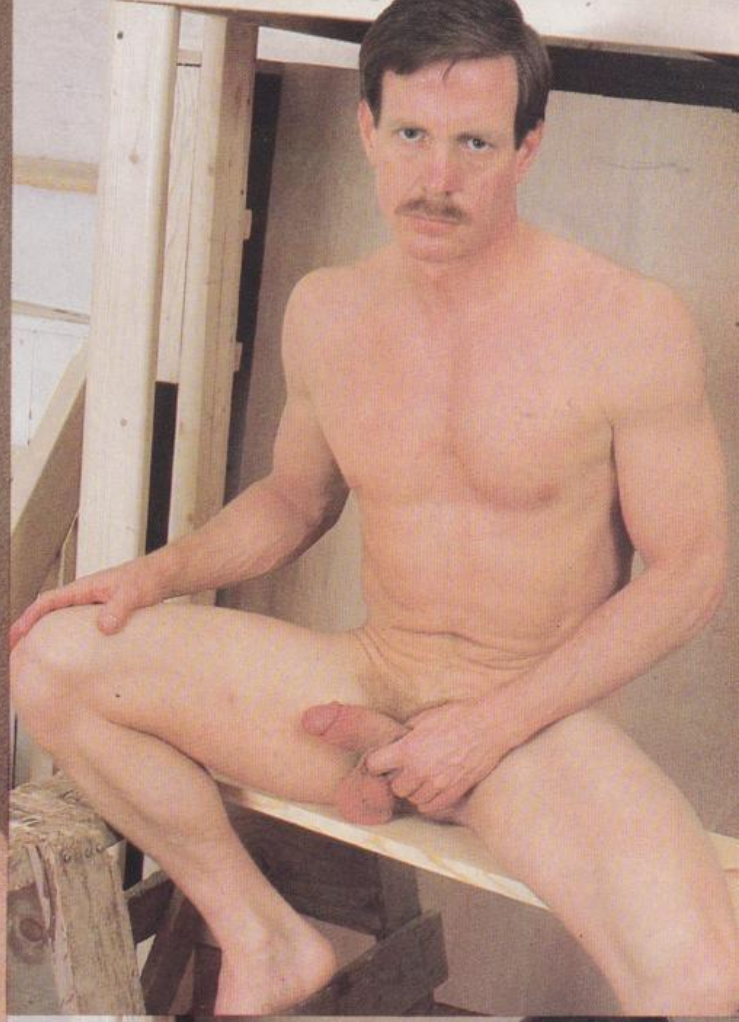












HAVE IT ALL!

ONLY 95¢ PER MINUTE

STAY ON AS LONG AS YOU WANT UP TO ONE HALF HOUR

OUTRAGEOUS NATIONWIDE BULLETIN BOARD
Leave messages or listen to messages left by other men from all across the country!

CONFERENCE
With up to eight hot guys!

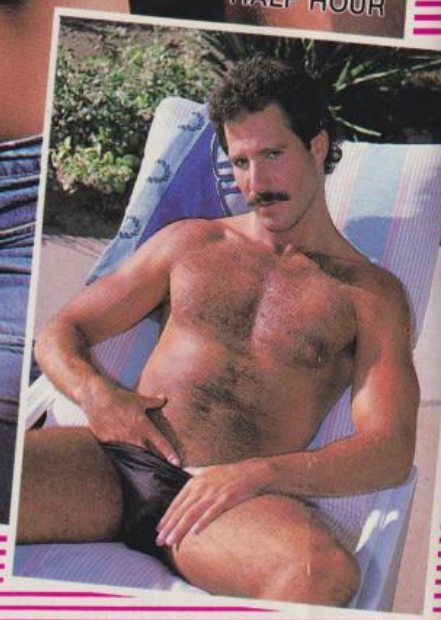
ONE ON ONE
Private conversations with MANSCAN!

VIDEOPHONE
Information!

THE BACKROOM
Privately coded connections!

All accessible from any touch-tone phone in the 50 states, the U.S. Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico

HAVE YOUR VISA OR MASTERCARD READY



ALL WITH ONE CALL...

1-800-777-MEET

BILLED DISCREETLY TO YOUR VISA OR MASTERCARD AS "SYSTEM 800 INTERNATIONAL"

1-800-777-6338